ANSELMO:

A

TALE OF ITALY.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES

.... FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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ANSELMO.

CHAPTER I.

ON a cold evening of the month of January, the widow Santini was preparing her frugal supper, and young Anselmo was ruminating on the strangeness of his destiny: the sacristan of a neighbouring chapel had just finished the litany, or evening hymn to the Virgin, which he sung every night before a Madonna that stood against the wall of the next house, when the family were alarmed by a hasty knocking at the door. Unused as they were to any visits at that hour, and with a vague forethought of what was to follow, Clementina, Susan's daughter, who lived in the same house with her mother, looked out of the window to inquire who it was, and was answered by the voice of Giuseppe, the servant of Mr. Lefort, Anselmo's uncle; but at the same time by the

light burning before the Madonna, she recognised Mr. Lefort himself standing in the shade by the door. "It is Monsù" (the vulgar Italian pronunciation for Monsieur), she immediately whispered at the head of the stairs. This was sufficient for Anselmo, who with a sort of instinctive trepidation, crossed the back room, and the mignano or open gallery which ran at the back of the house, and communicated with that of the milliner's, after which he closed the door of communication. He then entered suddenly, and with disordered looks, the room where the dress-makers were at their work. A few words were sufficient to explain the circumstance; and at the same time, little Marianna, Santini's granddaughter, came to confirm the tidings, that Anselmo's uncle had come to retake his nephew, and that Susan wished the boy to be removed immediately to the Parsonage, as the best place of security. No time was to be lost while the widow was detaining Mr. Lefort, under pretence of his son not being returned from his lessons. Although the distance to the Parsonage was short, the escape was not unattended with some risk, as either Anselmo's uncle or his servant might be looking out of the windows, or be coming out at the same time, in which case the boy would be forcibly taken away. Two apprentice girls, however, boldly took the charge on themselves;

they concealed Anselmo between them by means of their cloaks, and thus walked out arm-in-arm as if going home. The lamp before the Madonna threw a faint light; no person was to be seen in the street; and the two adventurous girls soon turned round the corner and were in the main street leading to the Parsonage; they then released Anselmo from his thraldom, and taking him by both his arms ran to the Rector's door. On being admitted, they delivered their charge to the Rector himself, who happened to be at home; were praised for their spirit, and immediately withdrew with the satisfaction of having easily and quickly despatched an errand which might have been attended with unpleasant occurrences.

The Rector was not unprepared for this event—he had in a certain manner paved the way for it; his intentions were justified in his eyes—he had the promise of being countenanced by his superiors; yet, when the crisis actually came, he almost shrank from the responsibility. It is always thus with scrupulous consciences, when they find themselves drawn into some act that requires a strong determination. Violent measures, however plausible their object may appear, are generally of a dubious morality;—the man who engages in them either does not stop to scrutinize them too closely, or if he does, he seldom acts with

sufficient energy to ensure success. Don Lorenzo took Anselmo compassionately by the hand, while his sister, Isabella, was kindly re-assuring the boy, who was terrified with the idea of the punishment that awaited him if he fell into his uncle's power. The Rector and his sister exchanged dubious looks, but hardly any words. Some warm wine was brought by the servant to restore young Anselmo; and at that moment the door bell was rung, and the widow Santini made her appearance.

She briefly stated the peremptory manner in which Anselmo's uncle had demanded him at her hands, to which she had replied, that he was at the parsonage, where he was in the habit of receiving lessons in Latin; that then Lefort assumed a more than usual sternness of countenance, and seemed impatient of accomplishing the object for which he had come. She then proposed to go in quest of him, and now begged the rector to go and endeavour to reason with the angry foreigner, and persuade him to give up his object at least for awhile, until the boy should be more prepared for the removal.

To this the Rector objected. "I cannot," said he, "consistently with my character, go and argue with a man in a passion, who will, perhaps, use to me language which I cannot hear without danger of losing my own temper. No, good

Santini, since you have done so much, return to him and tell him from me, that young Anselmo is under the protection of the ecclesiastical authorities, and cannot be given up to him without an order from the Cardinal Vicario. Meantime the boy will remain here for the present."

The widow, although she did not like the idea of facing again Anselmo's disappointed relative, submitted to necessity, and summoned up all the energy of her character. On arriving home, she entered the room where Mr. Lefort was, and repeated the message of the rector. Surprise and passion were visible in Lefort's countenance;—he turned deadly pale, and for a while could not utter a word. At last snatching up his hat and his cane, he descended the stairs, and turning round to the terrified females—" Yours is villany," he exclaimed, " for which you shall have to account. I will have my nephew, I am his natural protector, and shall apply to the proper quarter for him!"—and with this he hurried out of the house, followed by his servant.

Here a new epoch begins for Anselmo. On that night the decisive step was taken which was to alter his prospects. The support of his natural protector was rejected, and from that moment Anselmo was left a destitute child, at the mercy of strangers. The reflection was distressing; but Anselmo was too young to under-

stand all the disadvantages of his situation. He was besides bewildered by several other contending feelings, amongst which repugnance to his uncle's house was the foremost. The treatment he had received even in his father's house at Naples, for three years, had been far from encouraging. Whether by his fault, or that of others, he did not clearly comprehend, but certain it is that he had not met with much sympathy or indulgence; and things had been still worse during the last twelve months he lived with his uncle. It was not so much the occasional severities with which his trifling faults were visited, but the general unvaried tenour of coldness and ungenial sternness which revolted him, and made him feel himself a stranger in his uncle's house, treated like a dependant on his bounty. His keen sense of this unremitted harshness sustained his resolution; his pride was roused in him, and he firmly, though modestly, expressed to the rector his determination to do any thing rather than to return again with his uncle. This burst of energy surprised and pleased the clergyman; from that moment he looked upon Anselmo's return to the bosom of the church as certain, and built several fond hopes on his future studies and advancement. Calling him his spiritual son, and giving him some good advice, after a short prayer he dismissed him to his rest.

Anselmo, after so much agitation, closed his

eyes, and slept as soundly as if he had been the happy son of affectionate parents. When he awoke next morning, he was greeted by the Rector, who led him to his sister's sitting-room, where, after several kind questions from that lady, he partook of the usual breakfast of chocolate. He was then shown by Don Lorenzo all over the parsonage, the adjoining church, vestry, and gardens, which extended towards the abrupt banks of the Tiber. From that day he was a regular inmate of the rector's family.

Don Lorenzo took every day more interest in his young charge. He endeavoured to dispel the unseasonable gloom which darkened his features as well as his mind—to revive hopes and cheerful prospects in his breast; and this task was rendered easy by the natural light-heartedness of youth. He told Anselmo that he would make all his efforts to obtain for him the interest of the ecclesiastical superiors, and even the protection of the holy father himself. This of course was on condition of his following that faith in which he had been brought up in his infancy, and which he had since neglected and impaired by communication with heretics, from whom he had imbibed doubts and erroneous doctrines. The Rector had frequent conversations with him on religious subjects, and argued with him on some of the points in dispute

between protestants and the church of Rome. Notwithstanding Anselmo's youth, and the little knowledge he could possibly have of scholastic and dogmatic arguments, yet he was on some of the principal points of controversy not altogether a despicable adversary for Don Lorenzo. He took those questions on plain, obvious grounds of common reason, and was quick in discovering some flaw in his opponent's logic; he often thought he detected contradiction, and modestly, yet firmly, stated his objections. The good Rector was not displeased with him on this account; on the contrary he encouraged him to express all his doubts; he often repeated to him that he could not be honestly a convert as long as any unconquered doubt remained within his mind, for Don Lorenzo abhorred the idea of hypocrisy, more even than that of heresy. In his heart he was not displeased to see the candour with which the youth stated his sentiments, and the disinterestedness with which he opposed his plain judgment to that of a person who was now his sole protector on earth, fearless of encountering his displeasure. He argued well from this of the youth's heart, for Don Lorenzo was a man of generous and warm sentiments. He had no spleen—no hatred—he bore no malice to heretics, although he was firmly persuaded they were in the wrong. When after-

wards Anselmo's objections had been mostly conquered, there still remained one to his submitting his faith entirely to the authority of the church of Rome, and this was to him a question of feeling more than of judgment. He anxiously inquired whether it was obligatory on him to believe that persons who had been brought up and had lived under a different belief from that of the catholic church, were unavoidably condemned to perdition. This was a delicate point—Anselmo's heart, as well as his reason, rejected the stern dogma. But here the Rector's benevolent heart offered him a clue without his swerving from his implicit faith. He made distinctions, which he supported by the authority of several divines and controversists who had written upon the subject. He said that God would not condemn a man who was not guilty; that men, generally speaking, had within their reach the means of discovering the true religion; that, therefore, if through culpable neglect, indifference, or obstinacy, they omitted to inquire and make the necessary efforts to discover the true light, they were guilty; that it was highly probable that almost every heretic or infidel among civilized nations had, at some epoch or other of his life, certain yearnings and doubts as to the erroneousness of his own creed, and certain suggestions, supplied by grace, about

which was the true church, and that those who did not avail themselves of those inspirations in a matter of such moment, were the authors of their own ruin; that, however—and this was to Anselmo the only consoling part of the doctrine—if individuals there be in any part of the world who really have not had the means of discovering the truth —who have felt an earnest desire, and implored God in their own way to enlighten them, and have meantime acted according to the dictates of conscience and those principles of natural equity and morality which are to be found in almost every religion—those men, there was reason to suppose, would find mercy in the eyes of the Creator, and they probably received, even perhaps at the moment of death, a beam of light, and saw and acknowledged the true faith, which sincere acknowledgment, according to the catholic dogma, is sufficient to make a man a believer, and entitle him to salvation. "There are three baptisms," Don Lorenzo said, "that of water, that of blood, by which martyrs were baptized, and that of contrition, which applies to the persons we have been speaking of, and which, if accompanied by a desire of performing the other practices of the church, if time were granted to them, is sufficient to save. Don Lorenzo concluded by observing, that we should not presume to pry too far into the inscru-

table views of Providence, but hope and trust in its infallible justice and in its ineffable mercies. This explanation satisfied, if not the mind, at least the heart, of Anselmo, which at that age was the most influential part of his moral nature.

The Rector could be eloquent on these subjects, because he spoke from honest belief. He expatiated on the innumerable martyrs, confessors, and doctors, who had illustrated the church of Rome—on the miracles which had sealed its creed—on the extent of its influence—on the unanimity of belief which reigned amongst its disciples—on the wilful sacrifices which were made by so many of its votaries—on the trials that church had sustained through so many ages, and even of late years, when the gates of hell seemed for a moment to prevail against it, but from which it had come out triumphant;—on the consolations it offered to sensitive souls by its august ceremonies, by its merciful tribunal of confession, by the charity of its ministers, who devoted themselves to the care of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted of spirit;—and by the promises which it held, and which could not fail, for they proceeded from eternal truth.

Then, with persuasive pathos, his eyes suffused with benevolent tears: "Come, my son," he would say; "thou whom Providence has put in my way that, by means of my humble ministry, thine

immortal soul may be saved—thou whom I love already as my spiritual son—thou whom the bountiful Creator has endowed with an intelligent mind, and with a refined heart; come to the bosom of the true church, that loving mother by whom thou wert christened and confirmed—that mother will fold thee in its fond arms—she is always indulgent, always ready to receive the stray sheep—thou needest not fear, she has no terrors for the repentant; she is all love—she will cherish, protect, and assist thee in thy spiritual and temporal welfare; remember it is the church of her who bore thee into the world, and whom thou art bound to pray for every day in thy life; thou must be—thou art already one of us—thou wert born in the very centre of our holy church—thou canst not defraud her of her due. Oh! what peace—what tranquillity of mind you will enjoy, once united again to the congregation of the faithful! Your destiny, my son, is no vulgar one—Providence has watched over you from your birth—perhaps you are destined to glorify it, to be one of the pillars of the true faith. Oh! do not throw away the blissful prospect." Such and similar effusions, pronounced with a fervid, expressive, and impassioned tone of voice, were irresistible to Anselmo. With a mind impatient of arbitrary control, he had a heart open to an appeal to his

affections. That heart had been too long neglected; it had recoiled on itself, but had lost none of its sympathies, and when touched now by a discriminating hand, it throbbed with all the quickness of responsive gratitude. The boy shed tears profusely—they were tears of joy—tears of affection unrestrained, such as he had never shed before, and he would have given his blood to testify the sincerity of his sentiments. The Rector would make him kneel at the foot of the crucifix, and there Anselmo professed himself ready to return to that faith which he had for some years neglected, rather than actually abandoned. These were to Anselmo some of the most consolatory moments of his life. A catholic clergyman, animated by a spirit of charity such as that of Fenelon, has an incredible power over the heart of his pupils.

Meantime the Rector did not neglect Anselmo's temporal interests. He had taken an early opportunity of reporting to the Cardinal Vicario the late occurrences, and had met with approbation of his conduct, receiving a positive injunction not to deliver Anselmo into the hands of his uncle or of any other person, the boy being now considered as under the protection of the ecclesiastical government, who would take care to remunerate the Rector for the trouble and

expense. As for the future education of the boy, it would be matter of further consideration; the Pope would be made acquainted with the case, and his Holiness, whose charitable zeal was well known, would undoubtedly provide for him. Meantime Anselmo must be instructed and well-grounded in the principles of the catholic faith.

The Rector was satisfied with these assurances, which he communicated to Anselmo, exhorting him at the same time to render himself worthy of the illustrious patronage that was promised him. Don Lorenzo was above self-interest; and although the additional expense occasioned by his young charge weighed somewhat heavy on his small income, and that months after months elapsed without his receiving any further directions, or any supply beyond vague promises, he never allowed these circumstances to influence his conduct. He treated Anselmo with the same uniform kindness, supplied his various wants, and above all, persevered in his instructions to prepare him for his reception in the bosom of the church.

Mr. Lefort meantime took no steps to have his nephew restored to him; either he did not like, on account of the mother's connexions, to divulge the history of her second marriage, or he thought that the plea of religion was too powerful an obstacle in his way in a country like Rome.

An appeal to the French resident only might prove effectual; but just at that epoch a political system of *menagement* had been adopted by the First Consul of France towards the Court of Rome, which, coupled with the circumstances of the child's birth, and of his apparent unwillingness to return with his relative, deterred Mr. Lefort from making any direct application for the purpose. Perhaps he felt his ground, and was advised not to proceed. He caused it, however, to be signified to the widow Santini, that from the moment Anselmo was refused to him, he did not consider himself any longer bound to provide for his support, and that the widow's pension, which Mr. De Bree had assigned her in remuneration of her past services to his son, and which Lefort had regularly paid since his brother's death, would also cease, in consequence of her being a party in the conspiracy by which Anselmo had been taken away from his natural protectors.

The widow was little affected by the loss. She thought she had fulfilled a paramount duty, and that Providence would consequently provide for her; and if not in this world, at least in the next, she would meet with retribution. There is often to be found among poor people in catholic countries, an ascetic feeling of resignation, which, while it raises their minds above earthly considerations,

is apt, on the other side, to reconcile them to passiveness and indolence: however, it gives a loftiness to their ideas which is not found among the bustling, thriving, matter-of-fact mechanics of protestant countries. It changes the scene of their enjoyments from reality to future hope—from present to perspective good. The principle itself is of a superior nature to that of the Eastern fatalists—for while it makes them resigned, it does not produce in them that stupid ferocity for which the Mussulmans are distinguished. "The good things of this world are not for us," the Santini used to say, when preparing her humble fare; "they are for the rich, but we poor shall be rewarded in another world."

Lefort continued to remain for several months at Rome, after which he set off for his native country. While he was still residing in the town, and when the question about the ways and means towards Anselmo's support was agitated among the ecclesiastical authorities, suggestions were thrown out by some more violent, among the rest, of resorting to measures of authority to oblige Lefort to provide for his nephew; but the suggestion was waived by those who calculating better the character of the times, and knowing the mild and prudent disposition of the reigning Pontiff, thought the measure proposed too glaringly op-

pressive to be pursued, especially against a French citizen like Mr. Lefort. The Vicario himself did not countenance the proposed measure. That dignitary of the church was naturally averse to violent proceedings. He was a man of courtly address; a portly, well-looking personage, with a good-humoured countenance, not unmixed with an air of consequence, which was excusable in a person who filled the second situation in the Roman metropolis. Descended from a noble family in the north of Italy, he fully appreciated a certain regard due to rank and connexions. He was besides of an easy, somewhat indolent, disposition, and his time at present seemed to be sufficiently filled with the important affairs of his station.

After the confusion created by the revolutionary wars, Rome had just been restored to its ancient theocratic government. Pius VII., the estimable Chiaramonti, had been the preceding year promoted to the supreme dignity of pontiff. He had been seated a twelvemonth in the papal chair. His placid, benevolent temper, and unaffected piety, were already manifest. While the enlightened Consalvi was intrusted with the temporal affairs of the state, the Vicario was charged with the restoration of the ecclesiastical discipline in the Roman jurisdiction; and the task was not

easy. During the short-lived Roman republic, and the occupation by the belligerent armies, many among the pastors and the flock also had neglected their duties—some had abjured their tenets, others had taken civic oaths inconsistent with their obedience to the supreme authority of the church. Scepticism and relaxation had been the consequence. These wounds were to be probed by a skilful hand, in order to ascertain the extent of the evil and to remedy it. Some of the guilty were to be punished, others reclaimed. Several members even of the Sacred College had shared in the general aberration. They had resigned their purple before the republican authorities; their conduct was now to be tried in full consistory. Yet Pius VII. was inclined to mercy, and of course the Vicario and others followed the same bias. The erring individuals were admonished; some of them made a public retractation of their errors, and were received again in the open arms of their indulgent pastor. A general wish seemed to prevail to forgive and forget. The trials which were past had been of such an extraordinary nature as to entitle the guilty to much indulgence. Purifications of a similar sort were necessary in the lower clergy. Some pastors had given scandal to their flocks—they were removed and replaced by others more trust-worthy.

The regulations of the church were newly enforced, and every thing reassumed by degrees that appearance of prosperity and decorum for which the Roman clergy were certainly distinguished. Other evils of a more worldly nature existed. The foreign conquerors and the republican chiefs had made great havoc in the property of the church—it was necessary to restore order in the dilapidated finances. It has been remarked, that while at Naples the patriots who suffered so severely in 1799 were, generally speaking, men of superior information and merit, disinterested and well-meaning, although mistaken, the Roman revolutionists were in general contemptible. The consequence was, that after their fall they were not regretted, and were soon forgotten; and while the affairs of Naples threw a lasting odium on the restored monarchy, the memory of the Roman republic, with its ridiculous consuls and tribunes, was consigned to contempt and oblivion. The behaviour of the new pontiff was also calculated to inspire confidence, and every thing seemed to promise a long season of peace and happiness to Rome and to the catholic world. The warrior chief who had assumed the reins of the French Government, seemed friendly-disposed towards the See of Rome; and under his powerful protection Pius proceeded in his laborious task of

renovating the discipline of the catholic church by the maxims of Lambertini and Ganganelli, whose good sense and moderation he seemed to have inherited.

In the midst of all these important occupations, the appeals of the rector of G——, in favour of Anselmo, met not with that eager attention from the Vicario that Don Lorenzo himself, placed in a more humble and contracted sphere, seemed to expect. Several desultory conversations passed; kind promises, excuses on the multiplicity of affairs, delays,—such were the accounts Don Lorenzo brought home every time he returned from the Cardinal's palace, fatigued, over-heated, and depressed in spirits.

At last, after several months passed by the Rector, in a state of anxious suspense, after memorials upon memorials to Cardinal and Pope, he was apprized by the Cardinal Vicario that Anselmo had been appointed by his Holiness's special wish to a vacant place as a boarder in one of the principal Colleges at Rome. The preliminary expenses were to be defrayed partly from the Pope's private purse, and partly by the maternal relatives of Anselmo.

This being ascertained, it became incumbent on the Rector to go and return thanks to his Holiness, who in the midst of the numerous and per-

plexing cares of his temporal and spiritual governments, had condescended to take such peculiar notice of, and bestow such essential favour on, his youthful protegé.

Don Lorenzo having inquired of the Cameriere Maggiore what day he would be most likely to obtain access to the Holy Father, took Anselmo with him one evening to the Quirinal Palace. The atmosphere of a court, even of a papal court, appeared tainted with worldliness to the humble-minded Clergyman. As they ascended the hill of Monte Cavallo, and came in sight of the lordly modern structure, which has been chosen by recent Popes as the place of their residence in preference to the ancient venerable-looking Vatican; as they met the splendid carriages issuing from the spacious courts; as they saw the guards doing duty before the portals,—Don Lorenzo could not help remarking how different every thing looked here from the sober appearance of his retired parish near the banks of the Tiber.

They entered by one of the lateral gates, and ascended the spiral staircase which led them, after passing many corridors, to the pontifical apartments. Lifting the thick stuora, they found themselves in a lofty ante-room, where several domestics in livery were in attendance. Thence they proceeded through another ante-room, and were

admitted to an apartment where several persons, chiefly in the clerical dress, were waiting for an audience. Here Don Lorenzo and his charge sat down. Soon after a smart, good-looking Monsignore, who was in waiting, came in from the inner apartments, accompanying with obsequiousness a Cardinal, who had just left his Holiness. The church dignitary was dressed in black, but his red stockings and band showed his rank. After having seen him to the door, the Monsignore returned, and announced to one of the gentlemen waiting, that it was his turn for the audience. He at the same time accosted Don Lorenzo, and, having taken his name, promised him to introduce him as speedily as possible.

The whole appearance and etiquette of the place had in it much real solemnity. A respectful silence prevailed; the few words that passed were in a whisper; now and then was heard the report of the falling *stuore* in the anterooms, or of the *bussole*, or folding doors, from the inner apartments; resounding along the lofty ceiling, or the creaking step of some spruce attendant, as he hastily paced on the tesselated pavement. A peculiar feature of the papal court, and which gives it a strangeness of appearance, is that not a female is there to be seen within the vast compass of the pontifical residence.

The walls of the apartments were hung with purple damask, relieved by a few paintings of sacred subjects. The furniture was splendid but ancient—massive gilt arm chairs, marble tables, heavy silver candlesticks. A sober and partial light left the greater part of the room in a sort of shade.

In this place our visitors waited hour after hour, until most of the applicants who had preceded them had obtained their audience. As they issued one after the other from the presence of the Sovereign, one might see on their countenances and by their carriage the various success of their applications. Some came out elated, smiling, carrying their body erect, and stepping lightly along, as if their good prospects gave new springs to their frame. Others paced on heavily, their eyes cast down, and appeared to go out reluctantly: the number of the latter, however, was small, for the good Pius was a kind listener to his subjects, and did all he could to alleviate their distresses; he allotted to the aid of the poor the greatest part of his private purse; and he has been known to say to some disappointed applicant of the latter class, with his affecting and unaffected simplicity, after looking in his private drawer, "I am sorry you came too late, my monthly allowance is gone; but come early next month, and I will spare you what I can."

It was near ten in the evening when Don Lorenzo was told his Holiness was at leisure to receive him. The Rector took Anselmo by the hand, and they followed the Monsignore. They passed several apartments resembling the last, when two folding doors opened before them, and they found themselves in the presence of the sovereign Pontiff.

The ceremonial to be observed, consists of three genuflexions with the right knee—one at the entrance, one in the middle of the room, and the third at the feet of the Pope. As soon as they knelt the third time, with the intention of kissing the Pope's feet, Pius, with a smile of benignity, extended his hand first to Don Lorenzo and then to Anselmo, and they both kissed the piscatorial ring. He desired them to rise, for Pius did not, like his predecessor, Braschi, keep his applicants kneeling, nor did he allow them to kiss his feet, which he kept under the table before which he was sitting.

Pius VII. was then in his sixtieth year. His figure was not yet curved by the weight of time, but his head was habitually bent forward over his breast. His eyes were dark and intelligent, and his features were expressive of application, perseverance, sincerity, and benevolence. Simple as a child in his habits, he was quick in the exer-

cise of his mental faculties, and steady in the fulfilment of his duties. He received Don Lorenzo with kindness, and testified to him the sense he had of his zeal for the boy Anselmo; he was glad that the situation of the latter was now ensured in the College. He then hinted at his aversion to violent measures, and that he preferred that things should be done without scandal. Then turning to Anselmo, and patting him on the cheek, "Be virtuous and studious," said he. "You must endeavour to do yourself honour in the community you are going to enter, and God and men will not forsake you."

The good Pius proceeded then to question the Rector about the state of his flock—entered into parish details, with which he seemed perfectly acquainted, although he had never done the duties of a secular priest, having passed from the Convent to the Episcopal See. He received kindly from Don Lorenzo several memorials, glanced at them, countersigned them with his own hand, placed them under a slab of porphyry, in a particular place among the piles of papers with which the ample table before him was loaded, and then bending his head as a signal for their departure, stretched his hand first to Don Lorenzo and then to Anselmo, whose hand he pressed in token of paternal kindness. The visitants stepped back-

wards across the room, the three genuflexions were repeated, the folding doors opened, and Don Lorenzo and his charge found themselves out of the venerable presence, and among the smirking and smiling Monsignori in waiting in the outer apartments. Silently they descended the great staircase, and passing among the Swiss Guards in the vestibule, came out of the front gate of the palace, and into the fine square of Monte Cavallo.

The moon shone in all its brightness above the gardens of the Colonna family, throwing a mild light on the obelisk and the colossal statues and horses which stand before the pontifical palace. Monte Cavallo is an interesting spot: like several other places in modern Rome, it unites the recollections of various and distant epochs; it bears still the name of ancient Quirinus; its obelisk and statues are the spoils of the Romans over Egypt and Greece. The mansions of the Roman nobles remind us of the ages of feudal power and feudal strife; while the pontifical palace, the residence of a singular monarchy, presents the image of the empire of religion, of spiritual force, contrasted to the empire of physical power.

Don Lorenzo and Anselmo did not carry their speculations so far; yet the young man was alive to the impressive and contrasted scenes which

this and other parts of Rome afford. They retraced their steps towards the banks of the Tiber, and were soon again in the quietness of Don Lorenzo's parochial atmosphere.

The preparations were made for Anselmo's admission into College, the fitting out was completed, and the epoch of his reception into that studious community fixed for the re-opening of the schools after the October vacation.

CHAPTER II.

TOWARDS the close of the same year, Anselmo was admitted into college. He sallied out of the vicarage, dressed in his violet sottana and simarra, or gown and mantle, accompanied by his benevolent guardian. As they proceeded down the Corso, they found it thronged with elegant carriages and gay pedestrians; it was the hour of fashionable promenade. Anselmo till then had little thought of the gaieties of the world, but now that he was going to be secluded from it in the retirement of cloistered life, his heart beat quick, and a pang of involuntary sadness shot through it. He was already affected at the idea of parting with the Rector, his kind sister, and his quiet apartments; he began to cast an uncertain and dubious look at futurity; he was to be thrown on the society of strangers, of young men of his age,—he, who had never associated till now with one; he, an orphan, to mix with youths who enjoyed the affection and care of their parents. All these, and other reflections of the same nature, affected him power-

fully; his eyes filled with tears, he said not a word, and his companion was equally silent. The benevolent mind of Don Lorenzo was also weighed down with anxiety, although from a different source. He felt regret at parting with a youth whom he really loved, in whom he thought he had discovered good dispositions; but, at the same time, he felt satisfied with the idea that his efforts in the favour of Anselmo had been blessed by Providence—that he would now be in a favourable position to follow his education. He thanked Heaven for having listened to his humble supplications and crowned his labours. So far the feelings of the worthy Rector were satisfactory, though mixed with a tinge of melancholy. But then, looking at the ingenuous being who silently followed his steps, holding him affectionately by the hand—when he beheld the expression of candour reflected on his brow—when he thought of that mind till now pure and clear like the waters of a mountain-spring—that mind of which he had read every thought, which knew no guile—when he reflected that sooner or later that mind must become troubled, tainted by the commerce of others—when he thought on the dangers to which Anselmo's simplicity would be exposed among scores of young men of various dispositions and ages—when he remembered that Anselmo had

shown on many occasions a susceptible mind and keen feelings—when he thought on his strange early education, then he really felt his heart shrink within him. He looked affectionately at the boy, then raised his eyes to heaven, and ejaculated a prayer for the welfare of Anselmo's immortal soul. "Oh," he fervently said within himself, "if Providence had given me the means, I should not have confided this precious trust to the hands of strangers; I should have educated him myself as the child of my heart; but, Heaven knows, I cannot—I am a poor clergyman, and have a brother and sister to support: *Fiat voluntas tua*," he concluded; and he bent his eyes downwards in mild resignation.

They had now left the Corso, and arrived at the gate of the college. Here they met one of the *Camerate*, or divisions returning from their afternoon walk; it was composed of boys of Anselmo's age. The young men, as they passed him two by two, looked curiously at the new comer, and whispered one to the other. They were young men from eleven to fifteen; they passed on, and the Rector and his charge were shown up by one of the servants into the apartments of the Rettore, or head Superior of the college. He was a man in years, of respectable appearance, with a keen eye and a stern face. He was sitting in his library

with an air of conscious importance; he half rose at the entrance of the strangers. Anselmo kissed his hand according to custom—the Rector said a few words of recommendation, to which the Superior answered politely, and used an encouraging phrase or two to the boy. Then ringing, he desired a young man whom he named, of the middle camerata, to be sent down to him. The youth appeared. "This," said the Superior to Anselmo, mentioning the other by name, "is to be your *angelo custode*, who is to guide and instruct you in your duties and the regulations of the community in which you are now admitted." Anselmo took the hand of Don Lorenzo, and pressed it to his lips; the latter, with a tremulous voice, pronounced a parting blessing, and the two youths left the Superior's apartments. The Rector then took his leave, and bent his solitary way towards his parish.

The youth to whom Anselmo was consigned was of an easy, good-natured, thoughtless disposition. As they proceeded along the corridors and the great staircases of that vast monastic-looking building, he kindly endeavoured to cheer Anselmo's spirit, asked him several questions, and told him that he would find several good pleasant fellows in the division. To all this Anselmo answered but little—his heart was too full. By

the dim light of a few lamps placed at long intervals, he examined those massive walls, the capacious embrasures which led to the casements, the grated windows, the long vista of corridors, the low doors of the different apartments or cells, and he found nothing enlivening in the aspect of his future mansion, nor in the silence which reigned over it, interrupted only by the slow measured steps of some professor, or by the shutting of some distant door, which was echoed through the vaulted passages. They at last arrived at the camerata. The young men composing it occupied one end of a vast corridor, separated from the rest by a wooden partition. To the right and left of the passage were the cells of the boarders, and in the middle was an open space in form of a cross, which was allotted for their meeting at the hour of recreation. The first door on the left by the entrance was that of the Prefect. Anselmo's guardian tapped gently at the door. "Come in," cried a gruff voice from within. It was the Prefect, a country priest, who had all the provincial roughness, and a strong provincial accent. He scanned Anselmo from head to foot with something of the look of a gaoler, and then taking up a key, he proceeded to show him the room which was to be allotted to him.

The college of which Anselmo was now an in-

mate, was one of the principal establishments of this sort in Rome. It united the peculiarities of a school and of a college. Boys were received in it as early as eleven years of age, and some of them remained in it till the age of five and twenty. The latter were those who devoted themselves to the ecclesiastical profession, and who went through their theological studies until they received their ordination. The general course of studies for those who entered at an early age, was two years of Latin, of which they were expected to know the first rudiments previous to their admission; two years between humanities, rhetoric, and Greek; two years of philosophy, the first of which was allotted to logic, metaphysics, and mathematics, and the second to natural history, chemistry, and ethics; and lastly, four years theology, which was divided into scholastic, dogmatic, sacred scripture, and the study of the Hebrew language. There were about twenty professors, mostly, though not all, ecclesiastics, but all well qualified for their respective instructions, and some of them men of an established reputation in the scientific world. The lectures were opened to strangers, and regularly frequented by a great number of young men from all classes in Rome. The college great bell announced, morning and afternoon, the opening of the schools, and then

the crowd of youths collected under its ample arcades, the youngsters loitering with their satchels under the arm, waiting for the professor to walk in. The young men of the upper classes lounged about with the ease of men of the world, discussing matters relative to their studies, until the lecturer, in his black simarra or silk gown, appeared, and then the most diligent, formed half a circle round, and accompanied him with respectful, yet friendly attention, into the lecture-room. A curious mixture of characters and costumes were seen. The boarders in their violet dresses and three cornered hats; the clerical students in black; the civilians in all sorts of colours, but all decent and respectable. Poverty was no impediment to admission—the children of the lower classes were not excluded from it—the lectures were attended gratis, and the only incidental expenses were some trifling fees at Christmas and Easter, from which the poor boys were even considerately exempted. The public establishment was supported from its own revenues—the professors had regular salaries besides lodgings, and the upper ones boarded in the college.

With regard to the inner or boarding establishment, it was supported partly from its own revenues, out of which the maintenance of a certain number of pensioners, named *alumni*, was de-

frayed; but it also admitted of an additional number of boarders, who paid a moderate yearly sum for their support, and were called *convittori*. Most of these belonged to families of the better order, in the capital or in the Roman territory.

The rules of the establishment, in all their details, presented a uniformity of plan. Comfort and regularity at the same time were consulted. The college had been once in the hands of the Jesuits; and it is well known, that those disciples of Loyola, whatever be the abuses into which the order may have fallen from the too great increase of its power,—whatever be even the original vices of its internal discipline as regards its own members,—it is well known to those who know any thing about the matter, that the Jesuits were the best teachers and directors of youth that Roman Catholic countries ever had; that they in this particular have been the benefactors of mankind; and that without them all Roman Catholic countries, but above all the southern ones, such as Italy, would have been ten times more sunk into ignorance than they actually are. Many of their bitterest enemies, the French philosophers, and their Italian disciples, owed to the Jesuits their education; they owed to them those habits of inquiry and assiduity which they afterwards turned against their mentors and against the church. The

Jesuits, generally speaking, were neither bigots nor persecutors. They were by far the most liberal of the regular clergy, and for this very reason they incurred the hatred of the more ignorant and fanatical orders the Dominicans and Franciscans; they were not the friends of overgrown despotism, and they therefore drew upon themselves the hatred of courtiers, ministerial oppressors, such as the vindictive Pombal, and others of the same stamp. The philanthropists associated themselves with the latter, against an order which had instructed one half of the youth of Europe for two centuries, but which seemed to aim at a monopoly of the human mind, and at the absolute direction of human reason.

But whatever the failings of the Jesuits may have been, Anselmo was destined to know them only by the benefits they had conferred. The order had been long abolished, and its guilt or innocence almost forgotten; but its system of education remained, having been sacredly preserved by the commission to whom Ganganelli had intrusted the care of public instruction on the dismissal of the Fathers. They had remained especially in vigour at the Colleges, and one might fancy the spirit of the Jesuits still animating these institutions. A Cardinal was placed at the head of its direction, and this was no sinecure;

he appointed the Professors, and examined the progress of the youth intrusted to their care. Once a year prizes were given—gold and silver medals in each class; and the examination of the tasks of the candidates devolved on the Cardinal. The distribution of the prizes was done in the great hall of the College with all the pomp that the Roman Clergy know so well how to display in similar circumstances.

The internal regulations of the Seminary were equally decorous. Each boarder had his separate room, airy, comfortable, and clean; he was to provide himself with his furniture, as well as his dress and linen. The distribution of time was as follows:—The young men were awakened every morning before sunrise, by the Prefect of each respective division, who went round the corridor and opened and knocked at each door. Half an hour was allotted to them for dressing, after which they assembled in the Hall and went to Chapel There after assisting at divine service they returned in silence to their rooms, where each prepared his own breakfast. Bread alone was allowed by the establishment for this meal; every boarder provided himself with whatever else he thought proper, and a common fire was supplied for boiling or dressing the ingredients. After breakfast an hour was allotted to

prepare for school, and learn the tasks. Then they took their books, and proceeded down to the great porticoed square, and thence to their respective schools. The lesson lasted about two hours, after which the boys went back to prepare for dinner. This was a plentiful and wholesome meal: it consisted of soup, a plate of meat or fish, cheese and fruit, and about a pint of common wine. During dinner silence was kept, and one of the young men chosen by turns, read from a pulpit some chapters of the Ecclesiastical Histories, in Italian, by Cardinals Orsi and Bellarmino.

The refectory was vast and lofty: a carved walnut-wood wainscoat ran along its walls, with seats for more than one hundred persons. Massive tables were fixed in the floor, which was raised one step all around. The dishes, which were portioned out in the kitchen, were brought round in trays by lay servants, who went through their accustomed routine with the greatest possible regularity, and in the most profound silence. The Vice-Rector, meantime, a portly, majestic-looking clergyman, was walking up and down the middle of the refectory, watching the youthful messmates, ready to see justice done, and the regulations of the institution attended to. One of these regulations was silence during meals; and when, from the natural loquacity of youth, some whispering passed

between two neighbours, the quick glance of the Sub-Rector assumed the form of a frown, which had the effect of checking the juvenile offenders. Thus in Italy the language of gesture becomes familiar to the natives from early youth, and their mind sympathetically seizes the meaning of the eye without the assistance of words.

After dinner, and a short prayer of thanks, the Collegians assembled in clusters round the Vice-Rector, who said a few words of kindness, advice, or admonition to them. He then received the report of the weekly delegate from each division, who having previously collected the votes of his companions with regard to the choice of the place to which they intended to take their afternoon walk, reported to the Superior, who took care that two divisions should not meet in the same spot. The walks out of the various gates, the Forum, the villas of the Roman nobility, and the gardens of some of the Convents, were the places mostly frequented by the youths. The right of voting on this and other similar questions, and the decision by majority, were a peculiar and important feature of the institution. It gave the boys a feeling of self-importance, and an idea of their rights and of the manner of exercising them properly. This was any thing but despotic; the superior had certainly the right of sanctioning the choice or of putting his

veto, which he seldom did without stating his reasons for it, and then a new election took place.

From the refectory the Collegians passed into the adjoining hall, which was furnished with marble basins and water-spouts to perform their ablutions, cleanliness being much attended to; and thence in long lines the divisions retraced their steps, by the great staircase, to their respective wards. The subsequent hour was termed recreation, and the boys assembled in the corridors, where they either played at fives, or chatted or amused themselves in any harmless way. After this they returned each to his room, and there they prepared for the afternoon lesson. When the great college bell tolled, they dressed and went as usual to their classes; the lesson lasted two hours, after which they assembled in their respective divisions, and went out accompanied by their Prefect. Two by two, the tallest at the head, and the Prefect with the youngest by his side, they went on through the streets of Rome decorously; strangers to the pomps and the follies of the world, they contemplated it without understanding it, and without participating in its splendid misery. They returned about dusk, the hour of the Ave Maria, went to their rooms to undress, then to chapel to say the rosary, then to the refectory for supper, which consisted of

sallad, cheese, and wine; after which another hour of recreation brought the day to a close, and they retired then to rest. The Prefect went round to see the lights put out, and to lock the doors.

Such was the every-day life in the College. On Sundays and other holidays, and during vacations, the time of lessons was divided between studying in their apartments and additional recreation. The afternoon walk was of three or four hours. They then went to some villa, or some field, in the neighbourhood of Rome, and taking with them the implements of play, had a merry time of it. The Prefect, with his breviary, or some other book in hand, sat himself down on a bench, having his pupils under his eye; but beyond this he never interfered in their play, except in cases of dispute. Blows were forbidden—the spirit of conciliation was inculcated. Slight offences were punished by the Prefect sending the culprits to their rooms during recreation time; if of a graver nature, they were reported to the Sub-Rector, who deprived the offender of his wine or fruit, or at times of his meat at dinner, reprimanded him in presence of his companions, and in some rare cases, made him kneel down in the middle of the refectory during dinner. Corporal punishment was never resorted to. Solitary confinement was mentioned at times *ad terrorem*; and the grated

window of a cell was pointed at on the landing-place of one of the great staircases, where some offender had been once in a time confined. With these mild paternal regulations, a community of about threescore youths was conducted and kept in the greatest order and the best discipline.

Anselmo spent three years at College, which he employed in the study of the Latin classics and humanities. It has been often observed, that youthful days passed at school, at an age when the passions have not yet broken forth with their stormy violence, and before their mind is acquainted with the cloying realities of life, are the happiest part of a man's career. But this like all other trite remarks, is often fallacious, or at least partly incorrect. At best the happiness in question is a sort of negative one—the mind is unacquainted with great pleasures as well as with great sorrows; but who will say that the grief and anxieties of a boy are not as keen to him as the more serious sorrows of mature life are to a man more advanced in years? With regard to Anselmo, the peculiarities of his situation, and the early susceptibility of his feelings, mixed a more than usual quantity of bitterness in the cup of his life. The first year he passed in a state o acquiescence, he enjoyed even his comparative tranquillity and his religious consolations; but as

he advanced in his studies, and felt capable of rising, as he was applauded by his masters, and looked upon with deference by his fellow students, he felt the first stings of ambition, and this, although laudable, excited other feelings of a less pleasant nature. He began to look back upon himself and his forlorn condition, and to make comparisons—a fatal propensity, which is the source of man's woe.

Once a month Anselmo used to visit his early guardian the good Don Lorenzo, whose house was always open to him as if it had been his paternal home. Yet this indulgence which at first gratified Anselmo's feelings, became by degrees less attractive. It was only exchanging one species of monastic life for another of greater dulness. There is a sort of gloom spread over the establishment of a Roman Catholic clergyman, which is owing to the obligatory celibacy of his order. There is also, concomitant with this, a darker hue of austerity of habits and rigidity of features; light gaiety can only be an intruder in such places. Don Lorenzo was, like thousands of his brethren, sincere in his observance of his self imposed duties, and truly the life of a Catholic clergyman who observes them, is a subject worthy of admiration; he must be almost more than man, his spirit is trained to a state of self-denial unknown in any other con-

dition. Don Lorenzo was also, what not many of his brethren are, cheerful and good-tempered withal; but his joviality was rather of the passive kind,—a joke, a laugh, a game at tré sette,—but these did not exactly suit Anselmo.

He was now arrived at a critical period. It was that epoch which occurs earlier in southern than northern climates, in which both physical and moral influences effect a complete revolution in the youthful mind. The quiet uniform pastimes of boyhood no longer satisfy the thirst of excitement, every thing present appears insipid, dreams of future bliss fatigue the mind and keep it in a state of feverish agitation; the world seen at a distance, assumes the most glowing tints, which, however, like the enchanted palaces in the Eastern Tales, vanish afterwards as you approach them, and leave you in darkness and disappointment. Not that the enjoyments of the world are contemptible in themselves, this is merely the exaggeration of spleen, or the cant of ascetics; but they become worn out, like the more simple illusions of childhood, only they leave a sting behind —the sting of remorse,—while there is not before them any cheering vista, but dismal old age.

Anselmo began to reflect seriously on his future prospects. He did not intend to become a churchman; he did not know exactly why, yet he felt

himself appalled by the magnitude of the task. That task for Roman Catholic clergymen is enormous, however light it may appear to triflers, and to unbelievers in disinterested virtue. A Catholic clergyman, if he be sincere, renounces all that the world has of choice gifts—he devotes himself to a life of self-restraint, and self-denial—he renounces pleasures and pomps—he renounces even the natural rights common to the rest of mankind—he lives but to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and looks for his reward after death. Anselmo did not feel himself equal to the sacrifice, and he disdained to offer an imperfect holocaust.

Like all new comers, Anselmo had been at first the butt of his brother collegians, and ended at last by being a general favourite. He never aspired to be a leader, but he became one by progress in his studies; he followed the quiet tenour of his way, and he was at last courted by leaders, liked by the rest, and his opinion was listened to. He was willing to oblige; many a time he saved some of his more idle or duller comrades from exposure and punishment, by assisting them in their tasks; and as the service was done without ostentation, it bound their gratitude the more. His masters were pleased with him, but his other superiors thought they discovered in him a lack of devotion. He was not one of those who confessed

and took the sacrament regularly every week; he did not kneel all the time of service; he did not put on a look of sanctified abstraction from all worldly objects; he was too alive to exterior impressions, he was too mundane. The Vice-Rector had several conversations with him on the subject. He was a man of experience, and he had completely understood Anselmo's character. He appealed to his reason, to his sense, with perfect confidence. What were Anselmo's prospects in the world? He had renounced his paternal relations; his mother was not heard of; she seemed to have retired from the world, and her position with regard to her own relations would prevent her from stepping forth and taking her son openly under her protection. What therefore remained for Anselmo to do? To continue his studies, to follow the ecclesiastical career which presented no obstacles to a young man of talents, and Anselmo might one day aspire to its first dignities. Was that not a prospect flattering to a soul constituted like his? To raise himself by his own means, and in spite of outward circumstances, to owe his advancement merely to his own exertions under Providence? But in order to attain this, it was necessary to assume something more of a religious spirit, to discipline his thoughts, to . . . . . "However," the Vice-Rector would add, "if you feel an invincible

disinclination for the ecclesiastical life, then I have nothing more to say; then consult your honour, then return into that world which you have left, and which you now seem to regret, but I doubt whether you will find it as liberal as the church would have been to you."

CHAPTER III.

About this time Anselmo contrived to open a correspondence with some of his father's relations, who resided in the north of Italy. Several letters passed, in which he stated his present condition, and complained of his irksome and insulated situation. One of his school-fellows was the messenger who went to and from the post-office, a mission which was not without some danger both to principal and accessary if discovered. At last Anselmo received an epistle from his uncle, who was then at Florence, in which, after sharply rebuking him for giving up his natural protectors, he told him that he would still undertake the care of him if he showed more docility than for the past, by which means his fate would be better than he had a right to expect. This letter was not much calculated to soothe the mind of Anselmo. The reproaches it contained were such as are often in the mouths of those who have a right to reprove, sure of not being answered. The allusion to Ansel-

mo's prospects was harsh, to say the least of it. Anselmo felt all this; he had been allowed to be brought up till seven years of age in one religion, or rather one form of worship, decidedly the most captivating to young minds; what wonder that he should still feel attached to it, and not be inclined to forsake it on mere dictation? His father had told him several times he would not interfere with the creed of his children, but let them judge for themselves, and choose when arrived at the proper age for it. How different his uncle's present conduct! However he was in a dilemma, and must make a choice, and he flattered himself that by returning to his uncle's protection, he might conciliate his feelings and his interest with what he owed to his faith and to his conscience. He wrote, therefore, a respectful letter, stating his willingness to submit to the dictates of his uncle in every thing except a renunciation of the religion in which he had been brought up,—an alternative to which, he added, he was not afraid to be reduced, from the enlightened judgment of his relative, and from the tolerant sentiments expressed by his lamented father on that important subject.

A reply to this letter was received, passing in silence over the last and most important part of Anselmo's epistle, but informing him that steps

would soon be taken to demand him from the superiors of the college, a demand which was authorized by his own wishes, and which must therefore be supported by the expression of his sentiments when required in proper time.

Accordingly a friend of Mr. Lefort, a resident at Rome, presented himself at the college, and having inquired for Anselmo, had an interview with him, in which the young man repeated his wishes of quitting his present residence, and returning to his friends. Being assured on this point, the negotiator proceeded to the Superior of the establishment, and presenting Mr. Lefort's credentials, requested to know when it would please his Reverence to allow him to execute his commission by taking with him young Anselmo De Bree, in order to send him off to his uncle at Florence.

The Superior looked surprised more than angry. The young man had been placed under his direction by orders from the Cardinal Vicario, according to the express wish of His Holiness, and he had not the least power; he could not think for a moment of listening to this unexpected, and he must be allowed to say, somewhat unseasonable demand. "What! a young man, who had spent three years in that college, supported by that establishment, in order to be brought up in the

tenets of the holy catholic religion, and instructed at the same time in the letters of the world; who had shown himself a sedulous and proficient pupil in both, so as to give promises of adding one more to the meritorious individuals who had come out of that institution. (And here he raised his eyes to a long line of portraits which adorned the walls of the apartment, and among which were seen prelates, jurisconsults, cardinals, and even popes, in their respective robes, and who all had been the inmates of that college.) After all this trouble, expense, and expectation, how could Anselmo's uncle, or any gentleman in short," slightly bowing to the one before him; "how could they expect for a moment that they were going to return this young and hopeful plant to the care of a guardian from whom it had been once taken away, and for the wisest of reasons, for interests far above any worldly consideration."

There was some show of argument in what the Superior said, although it rested on a tottering base, an act of authority. But yet, as the Superior was not aware of the wishes of the boy, the argument had still plausibility in it. The appeal to the cares taken for Anselmo had something affecting in it, for certainly the ecclesiastical authorities had treated the young man with tenderness; they had acted as affectionate guardians—

they had afforded him the best education that their public establishments could afford; and if Anselmo's position at college had become irksome, this was from causes extraneous to the general administration of the establishment. The tone also with which the latter (a venerable-looking man, who had been himself brought up within those walls, under their ancient inmates the Jesuits), pronounced the above sentences;—the mixture of dignity, firmness, and urbanity, which became both the churchman and the gentleman;—his attitude, as he rose up from his arm-chair from the warmth of his feelings, and was now leaning with one hand on his writing-table,—all these made a strong impression on Mr. Lefort's agent.

"He felt," he replied, "the delicacy of his mission, which he would not have undertaken but to oblige an intimate friend, a friend of his early youth; he felt the greatest respect for the reverend Superior of that college; he was persuaded young Anselmo had received in it the best possible instruction, and had been treated with the greatest attention—indeed, from what he had seen now of the interior of the institution, he was highly edified with the appearance of decorum, propriety, and comfort, which showed itself in every thing connected with the education of youth; and he had no doubt that his friend, Mr. Lefort, when in-

formed by him of the manner in which his nephew had been treated, and of which strangers were apt to form fallacious ideas, would feel perfectly gratified: meantime he had commissioned him to defray whatever the boy had cost the institution . . . ." Here the Rector waved his hand, and interrupted him.

"That must be entirely out of the question; the funds of the institution are sacred to the purpose of educating a certain number of young men in piety and learning—a vacancy occurred, to fill which Anselmo was admitted by the will of the highest authority, therefore no debt was incurred, at least no pecuniary debt; as for a debt of gratitude, that must rest between men's hearts and their consciences, of which account God alone keeps the balance."

"But yet your Reverence will allow me to say that this young man cannot remain always here, and that it is essential for him to conciliate the affection of his natural protectors, his relatives, who alone can afford him the means of supporting himself hereafter in the world. Of what use will be the scientific education he will receive here, if in going out of these gates he will find himself alone, unfriended, and unprotected."

"We do not allow our deserving pupils, who continue their course of studies to the end, to go out

of these gates alone, unfriended and unprotected. There are funds to provide the candidate for holy orders with a suitable patrimony; after which he will not lack the protection of the Cardinals and Prelates who administer the affairs of the institution."

"This is perfectly right for those who enter the holy orders, but young Anselmo does not seem inclined to do so. He has not even received the first minor orders, from what I understand."

"No! and this must prove to you how little artifice and bigotry, with which I understand that foreigners, and especially Protestants, are apt to charge us, are practised within these walls, or indeed, if the truth were known, within the walls of any other institution of this alma metropolis. Here is a young man, the orphan son of a heretic, of a protestant father, who has willingly become an inmàte of our establishment, and livèd in it for three years, entirely supported, without binding himself to any obligation for the future. Indeed, had we chosen to take advantage of his youthful enthusiasm, of the warmth of his imagination, he would by this time have reached the threshold of the sacred orders. It was not later than the second year of his residence amongst us, that he expressed a wish to receive the tonsure, and enter the first minor orders; he sent for the good Rector of G.

his early confidant, who questioned him as to his vocation; but as we thought him not sufficiently grounded yet, we told him he must wait some time longer, examine himself closely every day, renew his prayers to Heaven to direct him in the path best suited to his welfare, and then, if he persisted in his determination, we should joyfully accept him among us humble Ministers of the Altars. Since that time he has said nothing more on the subject, and we have mentioned nothing more to him. Perhaps it would have been better for him had we listened to his first request, as the young man seems of late to have become more worldly, and to have turned his thoughts from spiritual objects."

"Since your Reverence has been so patient and so courteous as to afford me all these explanations, allow me to ask you what will become of the young man if he does not intend to enter the ecclesiastical profession?"

"He has now finished his humanities, he will go on through his course of rhetoric and of philosophy, which will take him three years more; then he will have his choice to begin theological studies, or to leave the institution. His protectors then will provide something for him in one of the secular professions; the institution only provides for those who enter holy orders."

"This is but a very uncertain prospect; and besides it must feel a burden to Anselmo's mind, if the youth has any susceptibility."

"But, Sir, let us speak plain, do you know any thing of Anselmo's intentions—have you seen him?"

"I have seen him, (here the Rector looked grave), and I believe his intentions are to return to the protection of his uncle, who is his natural guardian."

"He has placed himself under the guardianship of the Church, and woe to him if he apostatize from it."

"I am sure his intention is quite the reverse, and I believe that his uncle has no wish to force his conscience."

"All very fine words, but we know what they come to. *Chi pratica col zoppo impara à zoppicare.* When he came to us, or at least when he went to live with the good Don Lorenzo, he was neither a Catholic nor a Protestant; he had imbibed doubts upon all our dogmas, and this after having been brought up in our religion till he was seven years of age." (The stranger smiled at the idea of a boy seven years old being grounded in any particular communion). "But, Sir, this is a mere waste of words. Your appearance and your manners have engaged me to enter into this explanation so far, to which I was not bound; I must

now conclude, for it is vesper time. Young Anselmo cannot be given up to you, for such is the mandate of his Eminence, the Cardinal Vicario, from which I cannot swerve."

"Then I am sorry to have given you all this trouble, and I shall inform my friend of the fruitlessness of my first exertions for him; he will best know what steps to take next."

"He may apply to the Cardinal Vicario, if he like," said the Superior, with an indignant smile. "I don't think he will do much in that quarter."

Upon this the stranger bowed and took his leave.

It was now Anselmo's turn to be examined. He was sent for in the evening, and repaired to the Superior's apartments. The countenance of the latter exhibited its usual expression of gravity, but there was not the angry look nor the frown which Anselmo had prepared himself to encounter. The fact is, that the Rector felt sincerely concerned for the fate of the young man, and he thought that both for his worldly and his spiritual welfare, it was his interest to remain where he was, to go through his regular course of studies, enter holy orders, and become a member of the Church. Patronage would not be wanting then This was what the Rector himself had done; this was what numbers of his friends had done also; they now all lived comfortably, peaceful, and happy;

why should not Anselmo be satisfied with the same lot? This is the view that most people, both at Rome and elsewhere, take of affairs—a view very natural, though at times fallacious.

The Rector began questioning Anselmo upon the interview he had had with the stranger. He next asked him whether he had received letters from his uncle, and by what means. Anselmo avoided mentioning his past correspondence, in order not to commit the person who had carried his letters to and from the post; but confessed that he had received a letter from the stranger, and produced it. It was couched in general terms, and merely stated, that his relative had commissioned Mr. —— to claim him from the Superiors.

"And are you prepared to accede to your uncle's request?"

Anselmo said, he had well reflected on the subject, and he thought it was best for him to accede to it.

"What! to go and live among heretics, to renounce your faith?"

Anselmo observed, that he was now old enough to have an opinion of his own—that that opinion was firmly for the religion in which he had been brought up, and which no inducement or threat could make him forsake. He had expressed his intentions to his uncle on the subject already.

Here Anselmo forgot his caution in the fervour of his sincerity.

"What before he wrote to you?"

Anselmo then acknowledged he had received other letters and answered them. When asked by what means, he gave an evasive answer.

"But what," said the Rector, "makes you dissatisfied with your present mode of living. Have you any reason to complain of your Superiors?"

"No," said Anselmo, "you have always been kind to me, but yet my situation is peculiarly unpleasant. I have here no natural protectors who take an interest in me; I appear to all my comrades a forsaken boy. The reflections to which my situation gives rise are extremely painful. I am here filling, and I think undeservedly, the place of another who might be one day a useful member of the church, whilst I feel no vocation for the sacred ministry. I don't dissemble to you that I do not feel the slightest inclination for the ecclesiastical profession, and without a vocation I shall never enter it. The late Vice-Rector has often told me in a certain manner, that it was expected that the *alumni* should embrace that career; that this was the object of the application of the funds of the institution to their support; that if they do not feel that vocation, they ought to make

it known, and leave room for more suitable candidates, instead of consuming the property of the church. This has given rise to many irksome reflections and scruples in my mind."

"You ought to have spoken to me about it; you know I never pressed you on this point, indeed I once dissuaded you from adopting a rash determination. The Vice-Rector was apt to say things hastily at times. No one will ever force you to enter orders without your consent—I answer for that."

"I am sure of this, Father; but yet it is a question of delicacy, of justice, whether to continue in this position."

"And do you not feel any scruples of delicacy in leaving your benefactors thus abruptly?"

"I must leave them at all events in two or three years, and then I should feel burdened with a heavier debt towards them, a debt which I cannot repay by fulfilling their expectations."

"You hold the same language as your uncle's agent, who offered to pay for your maintenance, as if the institution were not above these paltry considerations. We are not merchants."

"Pardon me, but I was alluding to the debt of gratitude, which nothing can repay. But the sentiments I have imbibed in this institution, I hope and trust I shall never forget."

"Amen! But is there not also a latent wish of mixing in that world which seen from the windows of this edifice appears so gay and inviting, but in which, mind what I tell you, you will find nothing at last but disappointment and sorrow! And so you are determined to go to your relations?"

"Yes, I am, as soon as I shall be allowed so to do."

"You had better think of what you are about; it is not with me that you will have to discuss the matter, but with the Vicario, who you know has the secular arm at his order. He must be informed of this; that done, I have discharged my duty, and I wash my hands of the business."

So saying, he dismissed Anselmo, who paced slowly back the long corridors, and ascended the ample staircase which led to his camerata or ward.

Retired to his cell for the night, he ruminated on the events of the day, and on the words of the Rector. He was now attempting to leave a peaceful and pious abode, an asylum in which he had passed three years among his youthful associates; he was going to leave those altars at the foot of which he had ejaculated many a fervent prayer, those schools where his mind had been stored with the beauties of classical lore, those instructors

whom he venerated, and to go where? Among persons, who, although related to him, had now become strangers, and whose manners were foreign to his; yet they were his relatives, from whom alone he had a right to expect support, among whom alone he had a home. Anselmo concluded this painful recapitulation by saying his orisons, imploring the intercession of the Virgin, whose image hung at the head of his bed, and then composed himself to rest.

For several days after that, nothing new was heard about Anselmo's fate, and he lived in expectation of what further steps his uncle should take, when one morning, as he was returning from his class, he met the Superior in the inner hall of the college, who beckoned to him. The Superior was in company with a Clergyman of a harsh, coarse appearance, and of familiar intrusive manners, very different from the retired dignity of the other.

"Anselmo De Bree," said the Rector, "here is a gentleman from the Cardinal Vicario, who wishes to ask you some questions on the part of his Eminence. We will walk under the portico together." Anselmo silently obeyed, by following behind the Superior.

"Well, Signorino," said the stranger, with a sneer, "so you intend to leave college, and return to your uncle, do you not?"

"My uncle has sent for me, and I intend to comply with his wish."

"Softly, *bel bello*, but you and I must first settle accounts together."

"Accounts with you, Sir; I don't recollect having seen you before."

"I am only the humble messenger of his Eminence, and in his name I tell you, that you must not stir from where you are. You have been treated with too much attention already, chiefly on account of some of your connexions; as for me, I told his Eminence, that he was conferring too much honour upon you, by taking so much trouble in your affair, and that a refractory boy like you ought to be sent to San Michele," (the place of correction for juvenile offenders.)

If the calm persuasive manner of the Rector had almost shaken Anselmo's resolution, this harsh address was only calculated to strengthen it. He replied in a subdued, but steady tone of voice, that he was not aware he had done any thing to deserve such humiliating punishment.

The Rector threw a significant glance at his companion, and putting his hand on Anselmo's shoulder: "But, my son, why not remain with us, we have been till now satisfied with you; you confess you have no reason to complain of us; why

not continue your studies quietly with us, and then you might rejoin your uncle?"

"Then perhaps he might not be disposed to receive me."

"Let him go," said the stranger, "he will soon repent, he will soon regret his former domicile within these walls."

"I shall always think of this community with gratitude and affection," replied Anselmo, feelingly, "and the memory of the years I have spent in it will accompany me to my dying day. But it is time I should rejoin my relations, and know what I have to expect in this world. I cannot always remain a lone, forsaken, unclaimed being."

The stranger seemed struck with the warmth of Anselmo's reply, for the expression of natural feeling finds an echo even in the roughest hearts; besides, he expected to have to do with a boy whom it was easy to frighten; he now saw he had to encounter a spirit fully formed and determined. He changed his tactics.

"His Eminence," said he, "feels a particular interest in your welfare; he has desired me to promise to you his staunch protection, if you will abandon this wild scheme of returning to your uncle. He condescends to request, where he might command. You have only to forward to him an

open letter for your uncle, in which you signify, that after reflecting more seriously on your present situation, you have resolved to continue your studies for the present, and when better grounded in learning, you will then think of returning to him. Why, this is not more than most young men at college do. They leave their relations for a time, and afterwards return to them."

"Yes, true," replied Anselmo, "but my case is very different. My uncle wants me *now*, or never—he offers me his protection *now*, or he renounces me for ever; besides, I have not only agreed, I have even entreated him to receive me again, and I cannot recede."

"Then, young Sir," said the stranger, assuming an air of great authority, "then prepare yourself immediately to take up your lodgings in the Castle Sant Angelo, for I have an order for the purpose, and a carriage and a bargello waiting at the door."

Anselmo was struck with this information; the Superior took him by the hand, "now you are still in time, say but one word, and all is forgotten." Anselmo was touched—had the Superior been alone with him, he might have gained him over; but the harsh manner of the stranger had alienated him; he considered himself oppressed, and he was determined to resist oppression with all

his might. He brushed off, with the sleeve of his tunic, one or two tears that started in his eye, snatched the hand of the Superior, and kissed it respectfully, and said he was prepared to go whereever they were to lead him.

His clothes were sent for, and from the inner vestibule of the college, he was led by the stranger for the Superior had disappeared, to the great gate, where they entered a carriage, which soon led them over the Elian bridge to the outer barrier of the fortress of Sant Angelo. There he was given in charge to one of the keepers, who led him to a cell, where he found several articles of furniture had already been carried, and where, except his being confined and in perfect solitude, no additional hardship was used towards him.

Mr. Lefort being apprized of the opposition which his nephew met to his leaving Rome, applied to the French legation, and having exhibited Anselmo's written declaration, that he wished to return to his paternal friends, an appeal was immediately made to the Roman Government, which was met by an assent to Anselmo's departure. Previous, however, to this answer, the young man was visited by several ecclesiastics, who sounded him again on his resolution, and to whom he returned the same answer he had given in presence of the Superior. He readily stated,

moreover, that his religious sentiments were unchanged, and that his residence with his uncle could not influence them; that he would not allow any persuasions or suggestions to interfere with his belief; and he promised, that if he should find himself hindered in the exercise of his religion, he would not remain with his relatives, but return to Rome, where he was then assured he would be welcome again, and received with open arms. Every thing was settled, therefore, in an amicable way. Anselmo parted in friendly terms with the clergymen, after having listened to their exhortations, with which were mixed warnings against the endeavours of the Protestants to induce him to change his religion. Some of these good priests formed most exaggerated ideas of the arts which they thought would be used, and of the temptations which would be thrown in Anselmo's way to effect his apostasy. The grossest misconceptions often prevail in this respect between the followers of one communion and those of another; and these prejudices perpetuate the aversion which a better knowledge of each other's tenets and conduct would otherwise obliterate.

The conciliatory conduct pursued in this instance with Anselmo, so different from that which has been followed in some other cases by Roman Catholic authorities, was owing partly to the

mild spirit which then actuated the Roman cabinet, and which was derived from the well-known dispositions of Pius VII., and of the enlightened Consalvi, as well as from the urgency of pleasing the French Government even in the most trifling concerns; and it was also partly owing to the person who had been intrusted with communicating with Anselmo after his departure was resolved upon. This was an old Jesuit, a man of the most mild, benignant countenance, of polished, affable manners, of great penetration and knowledge of the human heart, and who spoke to Anselmo in the most affectionate manner, and appeared pleased with the candour and frankness of his answers, as well as with the spirit he evinced. "Go, my son," said he, "since you have determined, I trust you; perhaps it is all for the better that you should live some time among Protestants, so as to be able to make comparisons; faith ought to be enlightened, and I feel confident you will at last return and live amongst us in the bosom of our church, and you will find her always a loving mother."

Anselmo was pleased with the Jesuit, and could not help shedding tears at parting with a man whom he had only known a few weeks, and who evinced such warm and disinterested anxiety for his welfare.

But there remained still another and a severer trial to Anselmo's feelings. The good Rector, Don Lorenzo, had been for several months confined to his room by a chronical disease, and Anselmo had not been able to see him since he had made up his mind to leave Rome and return to his relatives. Now that the final determination was taken, he wished, and yet almost dreaded, to have a parting interview with him. He knew the Rector's unbending principles with regard to religious matters, and he was alarmed as to the interpretation he would give to his unexpected resolution. He had received no message, no communication from him. The day he found himself free, his passport having been sent to him, he proceeded to the Vicarage, and was shown to Don Lorenzo, who was reclining on a couch, and apparently in a state of considerable suffering. Anselmo approached with some hesitation, kissed his hand, and asked him his blessing. The Rector's countenance became reddened with something like irritation—he began to address him in a tone of reproach, but he soon changed his manner. "Well, you are going, heaven's will be done, you might have remained here with us, but words are now of no avail. I have done my duty, and I feel my conscience clear. May you never repent the step you have taken. One thing alone I

recommend to you, one thing alone important: *Salva animam tuam!*" and thus saying, he half raised himself on his couch, and with a tone of impressive earnestness, "wherever you may be, remember my last words, for I shall see you no more in this world: *Salva animam tuam*," and he fell back exhausted and overpowered by the strength of his feelings.

The attendants fearing the effects of this scene, if protracted on the Rector's frame, hurried Anselmo out of the room; with tears in his eyes, he took leave of the Rector's sister, and left the Vicarage, hardly knowing whither he was turning his steps. Accompanied by the good widow Santini, who continued to attend on every occasion where she could be of any service to her former charge—he proceeded to the house of his uncle's correspondent, and there found every thing prepared for his departure. That night he found himself in the Courier's chaise, posting on the road to Florence.

Anselmo arrived at Florence, and was received by his uncle with some cordiality, attended, however, with a considerable mixture of reserve. He was treated no longer like a boy, but at the same time did not enjoy the privileges of a man; he was not on the footing of a young and dependent relative, and yet he was neither on that of a friend

or companion. He went out with his uncle, and they took frequent rambles in the delightful neighbourhood of that city, on the hills of Fiesole, or on the more distant Apennines, out of Porta del Prato, where they sometimes ascended to the high summits above the canopy of clouds that frequently cover in winter the valley of Firenze.

Mr. Lefort lived at Florence the life of a man retired from business, but not entirely from the world. He frequented men of different professions, who were *au fait* of the proceedings of the day, and he took considerable interest in political matters. That epoch was a most important one; the events passing in France absorbed the attention of all Europe. The change of government from republican to monarchical—the assumption of the imperial power by Napoleon Bonaparte—the conspiracy of Pichegru and Georges—the trial of Moreau, and his impressive defence before the senate—all these were the topics on which the Italian newspapers descanted. Tuscany being, to a certain degree, independent under the protection of Spain, the journals published or admitted into that country were more freely written than those of other parts of Italy. In one thing, however, they seemed to agree; and this was a feeling of animosity against the English,

whom they accused of having disturbed the peace of Europe.

Anselmo for the first time read newspapers—a new world seemed to open before his mind. He began to gaze with wonder upon the chequered events of the great stage of the world; he beheld the struggle between man and man—between nation and nation; and as he did not know the secret springs that actuated the great actors of the time, he believed their splendid professions as expressed in the journals, and judged they acted for the good of their country and the welfare of mankind. He thought it must be a glorious world, in the affairs of which those great men took such a distinguished part. Yet he could hardly reconcile their assumptions when at variance with one another—some one must be in the wrong, he thought, and yet each of them professes to be in the right, and his friends are of the same opinion. Anselmo read works of history, but he found there the same perplexity, for they were little better than files of newspapers. He sometimes ventured to ask his uncle's opinion, which, when given, was at variance with that of all the rest.

The situation of Tuscany was then peculiar; it was a sort of neutral ground, where men of all parties met on friendly terms, and discussed with

considerable freedom the most important matters. There was an interest of a particular nature in this sort of existence of a small nation, surrounded by powerful neighbours, yet respected—looking at the magnitude of the passing events as a spectator; uncertain how long this tranquil neutral ground would be respected. There was a stir, a bustle among the politicians assembled at Florence, every one forming plans, building hopes, according to his own bias; every one meantime enjoying wisely the present, uncertain, and almost reckless, from the multitude of past changes, of what would follow.

Men of information, men of science, men of letters, natives as well as from other parts of Italy, were at that time in the Tuscan metropolis. Mr. Lefort at times used to meet some of them in the gardens, libraries, coffee-houses, and other places of resort, and Anselmo found himself thus among a new class of beings, men of the present age. He heard them discuss scientific as well as literary subjects, politics as well as religion; and his curiosity was attracted by the novelty of things of which he did not know even the names, as well as by the boldness with which he saw them grapple with subjects which he had thought till then reserved for a peculiar class of men. "How great these men must be—they know every thing—how

well they seem to understand the science of government—why are they not ministers of state; we should then have none of those calamities which they so feelingly deprecate."

The government of Tuscany was then in the hands of Maria Luisa of Spain, the widow of the prince of Parma, who had received from Bonaparte, through Spanish influence, the kingdom of Etruria, as a magnificent compensation for the Duchy of Parma, taken by the French. This princess, young and lively, was fond of luxury and splendour, and her little court was one of the gayest in Europe. She was considered by the Tuscans, at first, as a delegate of the French government, and they still regretted their Grand Duke Ferdinand, the son of the lamented Leopold. However, she ruled mildly, even perhaps to weakness. She was generous, though inclined to devotion; she kept her kingdom clear from the dreaded French troops, and her subjects had become reconciled to her sway, now fearing only, what happened a few years after, that her regal authority would be but of short duration, and that on the first opportunity the French would occupy again the fair land of Tuscany, bringing with them their conscription, their taxes, their police, their overbearing military, and all the other blessings they had already lavished on the north of Italy.

It was towards the close of that year that Pius VII. passed through Florence in his well-known journey to Paris, where he went to crown Napoleon Emperor of the French. That journey was blamed by many, and it was probably afterwards a source of regret to the Pontiff himself. But at the time he undertook it, his unsuspecting mind thought only of conciliating, of binding by affection and gratitude, the warrior who held in his hands the destinies of France and Italy, and who had re-established the churches and the altars of religion.

Pius was received by the Queen of Etruria with the greatest honours, and the people of Florence, generally religious, showed the greatest enthusiasm towards the Holy Father. People crowded round the palace at all hours of the day, to have a glimpse of him, and to receive his benediction, which he imparted repeatedly from the terrace.

The sight of the Pontiff, the devotion manifested by the Florentines, affected Anselmo, and recalled to his mind many old and deeply-traced impressions. He began to doubt the propriety of his conduct, and to look on his present position as a false one. He saw that while living with his uncle it was idle to expect that he could follow the observances of his religion. He heard that religion and its practices spoken of with repro-

bation, and was obliged to listen in silence. By what he could gather from occasional sentences, his uncle was preparing to set off for the north. It appeared that he had fixed upon some German college or university to leave his nephew at, in order to pursue his education. Anselmo was not displeased at the prospect, for he imagined he would there be at liberty to follow the dictates of his conscience with regard to religious matters.

The yellow fever which broke out at Leghorn, about that time, prevented Mr. Lefort from setting off as he intended, and this proved the means of altering Anselmo's future lot. Tuscany was surrounded by cordons; lazarettoes were established on all the high roads; that on the northern or Bologna road was pitched at Scaricalasino, on one of the high Apennine summits. There, in the midst of winter, the ill-fated travellers were obliged to pass several weeks in a desolate building, when, instead of the infection which they had not, they might catch some real disease from the inclemencies of the season, the cold, dampness, and misery of the place of their confinement. Every thought of setting off was therefore renounced for the time by Mr. Lefort; and months after months elapsed in a state of alarm, occasioned by the neighbourhood of the fatal disease, which, however, did not reach Florence in its

progress. After the quarantine was once removed, Anselmo's uncle began apparently to resume his preparations for his intended journey. But these went on slowly, and the summer was far advanced, and Lefort was still at Florence.

One evening Mr. Lefort entered into an animated discussion with a Piedmontese gentleman, a student of medicine, on the respective merits of the Catholic and Protestant communions. The common topics of reproach were used by the former; first, the alleged absurdity of the dogmas, then the abuses of discipline. The Piedmontese replied to the first merely by observing, "that the pretended inconsistency with our reason of certain Catholic tenets was not greater than that which appeared to exist with regard to several dogmas admitted by Protestants, and especially by the Calvinistic communion, predestination, for instance; it was evident that revealed religion contained several mysteries which it was above the power of our understanding to explain. The only question was whether the particular dogmas in question were supported by the authority of the Scriptures, and here the discussion appeared interminable. With regard to matters of discipline, they were the works of men, and no infallibility was assumed with regard to them; those regulations which were issued at particular

times and for particular objects, might be revoked at another by the council or pope, as circumstances required—they were not matters of faith."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Lefort, "all these nice distinctions are not new to me, but are they acted upon? You yourself, who make them, would you not be considered as a latitudinarian by your more strict brethren. Does not your church assume at all times power, absolute power, to regulate the thoughts, and consequently the actions, of mankind? And yet see how it relaxes when it serves its purpose! Is it not a scandal to see your Pontiff go and anoint a man who is in the face of the world an unbeliever, an usurper, a man of violence and of blood!"

He then went on reflecting on the notorious intolerance of the Church of Rome, which he said was the unavoidable consequence of its doctrine of exclusive salvation; and when the Piedmontese observed that Protestants had also shown themselves intolerant, and adduced the instance of Michel Servetus, burnt at Geneva by Calvin's orders, Mr. Lefort exclaimed—

"How can you Catholics, reeking as you are with the blood of millions, butchered all over the world, in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, and always in the name of religion; how can you have

the face to reproach us with some instances of injustice in the early history of our communion, when our reformers had not yet entirely shaken off the barbarism of the times, and the persecuting spirit which they had imbibed from your own church? But we do not approve of those excesses; we blame them—we do not justify or excuse them, at least as you do your deeds of cruelty, on the plea of holy zeal and religious duty."

A few days after this, Mr. Lefort came to an open explanation with his nephew on the one subject which was the cause of so much anxiety to the latter. In a few, but precise words, he signified to him that he would take him to a college in Germany, but that he must be prepared to follow the creed of his father and of his father's relatives, his natural protectors, on which condition alone he could continue to take care of him.

"How can you imagine that I would allow a young man under my charge, to whom I act as a father, to follow a religion which has caused so much evil to the world, which has been stained by so much blood and so much guilt, whose practices I consider as superstitious, and contrary to the sacred books? Or do you think I am indifferent about religious matters? Do you think I am like those unprincipled men who direct the affairs of France? They are Catholics; indeed almost all

the villains that have managed the affairs of that unhappy country since the revolution were *Catholics*, at least brought up as such, and from the fruits we may judge of the tree." This was said with a bitter expression of irony and contempt, and the conversation ended.

Anselmo, after the first shock, felt considerably relieved. His uncle had now spoken to him in an open and candid manner; he knew what he had to expect—it was now his business to determine. Mr. Lefort did not pretend to force his choice, indeed that would have been hardly feasible, and he stated to him beforehand what he expected from him as a condition of his taking care of his fortunes. The ground was therefore now clear before Anselmo, and he was left to direct himself according to the light of his judgment and the dictates of his conscience.

CHAPTER IV.

After the communication from Lefort, Anselmo held long and painful consultation with himself. Although his religious ideas had been somewhat staggered by all he had heard and read during his residence at his uncle's, yet he did not feel convinced of error, and he could not brook the idea of changing his creed merely at the will of another. The impressive recollections connected with his early worship, the awful denunciations against those who forsake the faith in which they have been brought up, the decided tone of authority in which implicit obedience to that faith was urged, the very mystery connected with its doctrines, the warm interest, the zeal, with which its ministers urged the necessity of it—all these were to Anselmo so many ties which it appeared impossible for him to break without committing moral suicide, and abandoning himself to eternal despair. No! he would keep the word he had solemnly pledged before he left Rome—

he would return to that city, poor and forlorn, and make a willing sacrifice of his worldly prospects at the shrine of constancy. He was elated at the boldness and the novelty of the idea, and he prepared himself to put it forthwith into execution. Yet it was not without a struggle that he determined to launch alone into the wide world; though the distant prospective of that very world, little known and seen through the mists of vague fancy, was not destitute of attractions. The idea of striking out a new path to himself by his own exertions, the adventures it might lead to, the journeys and voyages he would possibly be required to undertake—all these were seen like the shining clouds on the distant hills, that mock reality—the object was in view, and Anselmo thought little about the *means*. Who does stoop to calculate them at his age? He had not disliked altogether the first idea of proceeding to a college in Germany, before it was coupled with the condition of his following the Protestant religion; yet, he thought, once so far removed from his native country, if the treatment he should experience were to be unkind, he would find himself in a remote land, out of the reach of redress, protection, or refuge, among people who, seen at a distance through the medium of his Italian prejudices, appeared half barbarous, and whose very

names sounded harsh as the northern blast that comes from the same quarter.

It happened that one day going with Mr. Lefort to his banker's, Anselmo met at the door of the counting-house one of his old fellow-collegians, who had left Rome before him, and was now travelling for his father's mercantile concerns. Many were the questions mutually asked, and Anselmo could not help contrasting the look of cheerfulness, and the independent deportment of his friend, with his own depressed spirits and painful feelings. "Here is a young man," thought he, "whose relations are in circumstances not above mine, and who is already a free agent; he already has a station in the world, no one interferes with his religious sentiments, he attends to his business, and for the rest he is his own master. He has friends, whom he visits—he enjoys the amusements of his age—he is treated in short like a man. Why could I not be so? Why indeed? Why is one man successful, and the other unfortunate? Why has one a sickly constitution, which unfits him for useful exertion, whilst another is strong and able to procure his subsistence through every hardship, and under every climate? Why is one endowed with quickness of perception and the other dull? And this independently of the circumstances of birth and rank. Why? Because

men are not equal by nature, as it has been lightly supposed; it is only society that tends to make them so."

Anselmo acquainted the female servant of the house, Nella, of his intention to return to Rome, and explained to her in a few words his reasons for it. He felt that he had not the resolution to signify to his uncle his design, as he could not bear to encounter his sneers or his animadversions. He would leave a letter to acquaint him that he had made his choice out of the dilemma that was placed before him. He would leave his uncle's house as he had entered it, taking with him merely the clothes he had on, and a few dollars he had brought with him from Rome on his arrival, and which he had saved in a corner of his drawer. The old servant was affected by Anselmo's communication; she was startled at the idea of her master's anger; but she had observed the estrangement between him and Anselmo, and she felt persuaded of the truth of the latter's tale: she therefore did not oppose his intention, but told him to do as the Virgin should inspire him. There must have been something persuasive in Anselmo's words and looks to induce a menial to trust so readily to the boy's tale. But his motives were disinterested: there might be exaltation and delusion, but there was no base passion mixed

with them, and it will be generally found that such motives carry conviction in their very expression, and meet with a sympathy in others which is never felt among companions in villany.

A few evenings after, Mr. Lefort being absent from home, Anselmo took the opportunity to leave the house. He left a letter he had written for his uncle, sealed, on his writing table ; he put a clean shirt and handkerchief in each pocket, and as he passed through the sitting-room, gave a last look to his uncle's library and arm chair, and then, lighted by old Nella, he stepped hastily down the staircase. As the latter stopped trembling at the street door, Anselmo shook hands with her, when the poor woman ejaculated the warmest wishes for his safe arrival at the place of his destination, and begged, as the only boon, with that warmth of feeling peculiar to the lower classes in Italy, that he would let her know by letter of his safe arrival. This Anselmo promised; he passed the threshold, and the door closed softly behind him. The decisive step was now taken: he had broken the last link that bound him still to his father's family—he was now truly an orphan.

Anselmo soon cleared the quiet solitary street, and after a few turnings found himself on the Lung Arno, or Quay. The walk was thronged with persons enjoying the evening breeze. As he

passed hastily over the fine bridge of Santa Trinita, he saw a number of ladies and gentlemen lounging about, some sitting on chairs or benches conversing together, laughing; every one seemed to be pleased. "There they go," thought Anselmo to himself; "the happy sons of pleasure, courting their belles, and strutting along these marble causeways. How different my situation— I am a wanderer, without a home, my motives subject to obloquy and misconstruction." As he brushed along, he heard the sneers of one or two coxcombs, who laughed at seeing him with his great coat on in the warmest season of the year. "He has got the ague," said one. Anselmo was vexed at their remarks, because fearful of attracting notice; he quickened his steps, and was soon out of the troublesome throng. He went out by the gate of Rome. He left Florence behind him without regret; indeed, he had spent an unpleasant time in it, and the memory of that city was ever after connected in his mind with an impression of irksomeness and gloom. Independent, however, of this, there is no doubt but Florence is not in its interior appearance a cheerful-looking city. Its buildings, its streets, its churches, are sombre; the river is silent and lonesome, and the gaiety of the people even is of a sarcastic saturnine cast. There is not that animal *abandon* that

one sees expressed in every countenance at Naples, or the *bonhommie* that is reflected in the relaxed features of the Milanese, and of the other inhabitants of Lombardy.

There is more real warmth of feeling amidst a load of gross absurdity and vice in that strange unique *pot-pourri* of evil and good, Naples, than in polished, self-pleased, courtly Etruria. There is an air of studied politeness and of calculation about the people of the latter country—their tongues are smooth and fluent, but their stings are the more pungent. Whether this be owing to their institutions—whether to the Republic, or the Medici, or both—or whether they have still a leaven of the character of the old Etruscans of King Porsenna's time—this is too deep, or too idle a disquisition to enter upon. It is enough that it is so. People would, perhaps, do as well to mark what men actually are, and act accordingly, and trouble their and our heads less upon the why they are so.

It was part of Anselmo's plan, not to follow the direct road to Rome, thinking that if any search should be made after him, it would naturally be in that direction; he, therefore, chose to follow the road of Perugia. It was longer, but he thought it safer. Therefore going out of the Roman gate, he turned to the left, and

skirted the walls of the city till he came to the gate of Arezzo. The path is solitary, running behind the gardens of Boboli, and remote from the inhabited districts of the city. He did not meet a single person. Descending the hill, he found himself on the high road to Arezzo. Anselmo was glad to be again on a frequented track. Mules, carts and waggons, which had come to market in the morning, were going back to the Valdarno; Anselmo walked some time alongside of them; at last he entered into conversation with one of the carmen, who was jogging along by the side of his horses, and seemed to have made some copious libations to the rosy god before he left Florence. He was going as far as Figline, and Anselmo agreed with him that he should let him ride on his cart for some trifling remuneration. The man put no inquisitive question to him; indeed he seemed not to care how the world went on, provided his horses and himself were going the right road to the burgh of Figline. Anselmo sat himself in the cart, and soon after fell into a delightful sleep.

He awoke at dawn at the door of a solitary inn. The night, or rather morning, air, felt cold and keen: it was at the entrance of that beautiful region called the Valdarno. The north wind blew over the Apennines noiseless and chilly. An-

selmo entered the inn, which was filled with muleteers. The host brought him some bread and milk: his companions were drinking wine. On some remark about Anselmo's squeamishness, mine host, with that knowing look which belongs to his profession, muttered something about *sangue nobile*—gentle blood.

However flattered Anselmo's vanity might have been at the compliment, he was much more alarmed about the possible consequences of Boniface's penetration. He was, however, mistaken. The host did not make any further remarks; he did not even charge Anselmo an extra *crazia* for his flattery. He wished him *felice viaggio*, and Anselmo ascended his cart again.

The morning was dawning over the mountains of Romagna. Anselmo saw the beautiful landscape of Valdarno spread before him—a most lovely region! He had heard it mentioned, and felt a foretaste of pleasure in the idea of passing through this celebrated tract. He completely forgot his present situation, to enjoy the beauty of the country. The lovely fields, the trim gardens and orchards, the winding Arno, the hundred streams which flow into it from the sides of the hills, the neat cottages, the sombre mountains which overtop the whole, all seemed fresh from nature's hands. There is Vallombrosa, there is Camoldoli, there

is the Alvernia, he heard his companions say, pointing out to the mountain summits which rose high on the other side of the river. Anselmo felt refreshed—felt new-born as it were; he wished, and who has not at times made similar wishes, to lose all recollection of the past, and fix himself in this delightful spot, to begin a new existence, devoid of former cares and sorrows. Some of the country girls were already going to the fields; they looked healthy, cheerful, and thriving. "This is real Tuscany," said Anselmo to himself; "and not that artificial, dark-looking, melancholy old Florence. Here I could live all my life, in a humble station, and thank Providence for having given me such a beautiful resting-place. But I must on, and follow my destiny. I have not a soul here that knows me, and that would give me either food or employment."

It was a cloudy, drizzling, rainy day, such as one sees frequently in that region. Anselmo had never seen such weather in such a country; the one was suited to the other. At Naples, when it rains, it pours; on the desolate heaths and dreary flats that surround Rome, a rainy day has a peculiar melancholy; but here it is truly refreshing. The same sensation is felt in the valleys of the Alps, and in the high lands of the Apennines.

At Figline, a cheerful looking place, our young

wanderer alighted from his cart, and proceeded on foot to Arezzo, where he arrived at sunset. The country about Arezzo is beautiful; it is here that the celebrated Alleatico wine is made. The city of Arezzo is known in the history of our times, as the centre of an insurrection, which, in 1800, made the French republicans insecure even in the capital of Tuscany. The Aretini acted like all insurgents, with violence, and even cruelty. They had been, like all the rest of the Italian peasantry, goaded to madness by the invaders; they rose to drive insolent foreigners out of their birth-land; they took as a rallying point the image of the Virgin; they were encouraged by Austrian and other foreign agents; they showed much intrepidity, and they afterwards suffered severely for it. Arezzo was stormed, plundered, and half burnt. When Anselmo visited it, the walls and several buildings still bore marks of devastation. Arezzo, however, continued, and has ever after continued, to be actuated by an anti-revolutionary spirit. It is noticed in Italy, that the inhabitants of particular towns preserve, through many generations, the same political bias.

Anselmo slept that night at Arezzo. He strolled in the evening into a coffee-house, where he met an old provincial gentleman, who readily entered into conversation with him. He spoke to Anselmo

about the French invasion, which was still fresh in every one's recollection, having happened but a few years before. He said his countrymen had been rash, although their motives were just, and self-defence their object; but the French and their partisans were ungenerous and cruel in their retaliation. This is a song, the burden of which one heard at the time repeated all over Italy.

Next day was to Anselmo a day of trial. He had to cross the frontiers between Tuscany and the Roman States, and to escape the vigilance of the police and custom-house officers, as he was unfurnished with that most essential part of a traveller's equipage on the continent—a passport. Anselmo was ignorant of the localities on this road, but he had taken care to examine the map, and make all the inquiries he could at Arezzo, without exciting suspicion. He found that the first place of the Roman States was a village called Orsaja. Passing under the melancholy-looking walls of ancient Cortona, he approached the frontier. The village of Orsaja is on the side of a high hill. Anselmo thought, by diverging to the left up the hill, he should thereby avoid the village. He scrambled up the steep, clinging to the wild shrubs and brushwood; the sun was setting to the west, over the fertile fields of Tuscany; it looked brilliant and calm. Anselmo rested himself

for a few minutes, looking at it and comparing its calmness, and the appearance of happiness that it spread all over the country, to the wretched agitated state of his heart, and the lowering stormy prospect of futurity. At last he rose again, and continued to wind along the hill, expecting he had by this time passed the danger, and thinking himself already on Papal ground, when, on turning the angle of a garden wall, he found himself in a lane leading down into the very village of Orsaja. There was now no possibility of receding, so he put on an unconcerned face, passed before the custom-house, in front of which some officers were loitering; they hardly looked at him,—they took him perhaps for a young man of Cortona, strolling about for pleasure. Anselmo soon left behind him the dismal place, and was now on his descent towards the plateau, in the centre of which the Thrasymenian lake is sited. A cool eastern breeze came to him wafted over the waters. Anselmo was enchanted at the prospect. The only lake he had seen was that of Bolsena, but this was superior in size and in the surrounding scenery. Anselmo walked on, with the intention of reaching the borders of the lake, where several villages lie scattered. Night was coming on, a beautiful moonlight night, and our traveller felt his heart lighter; he passed Borghetto, without knowing the spot

where the famous battle took place of old, and continued along the shores of the lake till he reached Passignano, a village built on the very beach. The inn where he put up was jutting into the water, and from his room he heard the splashing of the short waves against the foundations of the building. After a supper of bread and wine, he fell asleep at Passignano, as soundly as if he had been already arrived safely at Rome.

Thus Anselmo proceeded on his journey on foot, through Perugia, Foligno, the delightful hills and valleys of fertile Umbria, until crossing the yellow Tiber at Otricoli, he entered the melancholy flats of the Patrimony of St. Peter, for such is the name of that province which borders the city of Rome on the north. On approaching the solitary caravansera of Baccano, he descried the ball and cross of St. Peter's dome, and on the evening of that day, the seventh from his departure from Florence, he entered again the city of the Seven Hills.

On arriving at Rome, Anselmo went straight to the good widow Santini, and was received with an exclamation of surprise and joy. He was exhausted with fatigue, but cheerful,—he told his little tale, how he had left his uncle's home, in order to keep his promise made to heaven and man to remain faithful to the religion he professed.

He soon found himself installed in his old room in the widow's house. He was grieved to learn the death of the good Rector, Don Lorenzo, whose infirmity, with which he was afflicted before Anselmo's departure, had at last carried him to his grave. Anselmo next repaired to those clergymen who had shown a peculiar interest for him before his departure, and had promised him their assistance should he return. One of them was the old Jesuit. He kept his word,—he received him as the prodigal son, interested himself actively, and succeeded in placing Anselmo for a while above want. It was agreed that, for the present, Anselmo should resume his studies at college, not as a boarder, but as an out-door student.

That year which Anselmo passed at Rome, was the happiest he had yet experienced. Devoid of care, following his favourite pursuits, free from cloistral restraint, mixing with companions of his own age, he employed his leisure hours in attending the splendid libraries of the convents of Minerva and St. Augustine, or in rambling about the numberless remarkable spots in and about Rome. The palaces, the villas, the gardens of monasteries, the walks outside the gates, all have an indescribable interest to a man of a contemplative turn of mind. Above all, the remote solitary churches

on the uninhabited hills, are places really calculated for meditation. On Mount Celius, on the Viminal, the Aventine, the Palatine, one sees nothing but churches and ruins, hears nothing but the chaunts of the monks, or the cry of the owls, and the chirping of the *cicala.* Under the feet, are the sepulchres of the mighty dead of centuries gone by; around, paintings of saints, martyrs, and confessors, seeming to start from the canvas in all the strength of dark colouring—the dusky garments of the recluse, the confessionals, the lighted tapers, the massive chandeliers, the smell of frankincense; in view, mouldering palaces of the Cesars, arcs of triumph, pagan temples, blood-stained amphitheatres; and above, a sky of bright ultramarine colour, and an atmosphere mild, soft, aromatic, though treacherous and deleterious; on every side, in short, the image of decay festering on luxury and splendour—the mementos of human nothingness, which those hills and those walls record, places the most fit to inspire man with a distaste for earthly passions, and render him a sincere ascetic.

The festivals which occur almost every week, at the different churches, on the days of the Patron Saints, or on general holidays, and the music attending on such occasions, were another source of gratification. It is an enjoyment without expense,

afforded to the Roman people; and it is not surprising they should like it, and that they should be averse to a change of system that would destroy such cheap pleasures. Numbers of amateurs repair to the churches on those occasions; there standing in a crowd, they listen, blame or approve, as if they were at a concert or theatre. The music, the brilliant lights, the rich though sometimes gaudy tapestry, the splendidly decorated altars, and the fine pillars and vaults around and above them, the imposing religious pomp,—all these flatter the vanity of the modern Romans, and administer to their half religious, half sensual, enthusiasm.

Festivals in Italy, and especially at Rome, are real festivals, and people expect their recurrence with an anxiety unknown to the less susceptible nations who live beyond the Alps. Winter and Spring are the two seasons most abounding in holidays; Christmas, Epiphany, the Holy Week, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Corpus Domini, and St. Peter's Day, form a succession of days of rejoicing and devotion united. However vanity and pageantry may mix with the ceremony, yet religious feelings have an important share in the business of the day. People attend church, say prayers, and hear sermons, they confess and hum-

ble themselves before the altars; and, to people in the common walks of life, such exercises must be necessarily attended with some moral benefit. Their minds are disciplined by it; they learn humility and piety.

Modern Rome has also its worldly gaieties—the theatres, the carnival masks, its *corsa de barbari*, or races, in which horses without riders run along the Corso, from the Piazza del Popolo to the palace of Venice: its *girandola*, or splendid artificial fires, and its *giostra*, like the bull-fights of Spain. Several of those noble animals, which living as they do in wild liberty, in the wide solitary plains of the Campagna, acquire an instinct of peculiar fierceness, are brought in every week in the summer season, to be tormented by hunters and dogs, for the amusement of the Roman people, who have preserved, in this particular, the same propensity for cruel sports which disgraced their ancestors of old. The sulky, ruffian-looking buffalo is also exhibited on the same stage. The place allotted for these sports is an amphitheatre, constructed on the remains of the mausoleum of Augustus. The place is crowded with men and females; even ladies of gentle birth repair thither. One animal is let out at a time in the arena, and the hunters, smartly dressed in white, with small

red flags in their hands, tease and provoke their four-footed enemy. When closely pressed, they leap nimbly over the parapet which is round the arena; and there wait till the animal has taken another run at the next object that excites his fury. Yet at times fatal accidents happen, and human gore is spilt. At last the dogs are let loose, and, after a hard struggle, succeed in fastening upon the poor animal, and pinning it to the ground, not without some of them being first tossed and mangled by the horns of the bull. There are even refinements of cruelty still greater, which consist in fastening rockets and squibs to the animal, and setting them on fire, the noise and the smart from which make the brute leap in agonies of pain, and at last sink in exhaustion and stupor. This disgraceful amusement was much in vogue at Rome at the time our tale refers to.

But the great evening resort of the Roman youth were the coffee-houses on the Corso. There some were lolling for hours on chairs and benches, sipping their coffee or their ices, under the awnings spread above the front of the house, gazing at the beauties that drove up and down in their carriages, whilst others were talking politics over the gazettes. Anselmo often repaired there to read the journals. Careless about himself, he fol-

lowed his newly-acquired taste for the great discussions and stirring events of the world. The situation of Italy, and especially of Rome, at that time was curious. Rome stood as the boundary between the old and new systems. Innovation was abroad all around; but the Roman Government, civil and religious, remained the same. Every one, however, who had the least discernment, saw that this could not last long. But the more antiquated members of the College of Cardinals, and the other routiniers, still talked of their power to defy the storm, trusted in their rusty weapons, and dreamt of bulls and excommunications; whilst the better-disciplined minds of the Pontiff, and of the truly pious part of his clergy, aware of their weakness, bowed in resignation to the will of Providence, and while they felt confident in its power to guide the bark of St. Peter safe and triumphant throughout every danger, yet acknowledged that it might be the inscrutable decree of Heaven to try the Church to the utmost, in order to exercise the patience and the trust of the faithful. These were the sentiments expressed by many of the Roman Clergy, and which Anselmo often heard repeated.

The report of the decisive battle of Austerlitz came in its course to Rome, to bring dismay on the Government, who perceived that their only

hope of salvation would have been in the over-whelming power of Napoleon in Italy being checked by the Allies. This last hope was now removed, and the whole Peninsula more firmly than ever under the grasp of the great Empire.

In the beginning of 1806, the French army, under the orders of General Massena, marched under the walls of Rome on their easy conquest of Naples. Anselmo went out with some friends to see those renowned warriors, who were encamped beyond Ponte Molle. Shortly before, while the scales hung still suspended on the wastes of Moravia, the Romans had been expecting a visit from the Anglo-Russian and Neapolitan armies, who were on the frontiers, ready to advance towards the north. But that expedition vanished like summer mist, and the Court of Naples was now paying dearly for its rashness. Twice that cabinet had failed in its attempt to join the Northern Allies, in 1798, by taking the field too soon, and in 1805, by taking it too late. In a few weeks the whole kingdom of Naples was conquered, almost without fighting, with the exception of the fortress of Gaeta, which made a long and gallant resistance. Napoleon's brother, Joseph, became the ruler of that fine kingdom, and thereby a neighbour by no means desirable to the Pope's dominions, which were thus hemmed

in between French territories, except on the side of Tuscany, which still lingered in its precarious independence. But the destinies of these two remaining Italian Governments were drawing to a close.

Napoleon assumed now a more peremptory tone towards the defenceless Court of Rome. His troops had already occupied, suddenly and without previous notice, the fortress of Ancona. The French troops going or coming from the kingdom of Naples, were living at the expense of the Papal treasury. In answer to the Pope's reclamations, Napoleon told him plainly that he had entered into all the rights of his predecessor, Charlemagne —that as such he was the Emperor of Rome, and that he expected, therefore, the Court of Rome to follow implicitly his political system—that the ports of the Roman States should be closed against the English, Russian, Swedish, and Sardinian flags; and that all the individuals of those nations should be expelled from the Papal territory. At the same time, Napoleon bitterly complained of the Pope's advisers, and above all, of Cardinal Consalvi, who strove still to support the dignity of his master. Pius had nothing to oppose to his gigantic antagonist but his breviary. He, however, remonstrated mildly but firmly; a tedious correspondence was kept up, in which

sophistry was emboldened by consciousness of strength on one side, while a sense of justice still enabled the weaker party to sustain the unequal struggle.

As the summer of that year drew near, Anselmo, as well as his friends, felt that some step ought to be taken towards his future support. The scanty funds which had been supplied at various times, chiefly by his maternal relatives, although managed with a most economical care, were nearly exhausted; and no opening presented itself at Rome for employment to a young man in Anselmo's situation. A short and imperfect college education did not fit him for any active profession. Had he been able to continue his studies for several years longer, he might have devoted himself to medicine, or to the bar, and even then his prospects would have been all but encouraging. The same may be said of the church; if even Anselmo had not felt an invincible repugnance to that profession, which repugnance increased as he grew in years, and saw the weight of the engagements he must enter into if he acted conscientiously. But another reason there was why these various choices, even had they been open to Anselmo, were hardly advisable at the time.

The situation of Rome, as we have already seen, was at that epoch extremely precarious; and those

who had already entered the full career of the learned professions, felt that one day or other the crisis must come, and with it a general displacement of the whole social building, and ruin and desolation to most individuals, especially to those in the upper stations of society, to whom the fall is more severe. Violent changes rarely benefit the living generation; *that* must be sacrificed; a few individuals may float, but the majority will sink in the storm. This must be more particularly the case at Rome, where the whole scaffolding of society was for ages past built upon and supported by the Pontifical See. Commerce and industry there was hardly any; no exportation; and the importation was limited to the internal consumption: agriculture was stationary; and people lived, as their fathers had lived, on the produce of the soil, and on the revenues, now much diminished, of the church, of its dignitaries, and of the foreigners who visited or resided in the city. The rest were supported by the monasteries, hospitals, and other charities.

But to return to Anselmo. It was resolved in conclave by his clerical patrons, that he should travel, and travel to lands out of the reach of the French; for brought up as he was in sentiments of attachment to the Roman Catholic Church, he could not expect to thrive under their subversive

system. Besides they wished to guard his sentiments from contamination; he was young, ardent, of an independent mind, though open to persuasion; he might be easily led astray. But where was he to go? Italy, with the exception of Rome, was under the sway of the modern Tamerlane.

There is an island facing the western coast of Italy, far in the middle of the great Tyrrhenian Sea, which, until of late years, was hardly known, except by name, and that hardly ever mentioned. It was to the main land of Italy what Japan is to Asia. People had heard that such an Island existed; they were told strange tales of its inhabitants, who were dressed in sheep-skins, went about armed, wearing long beards, speaking an unintelligible jargon; men fierce, murderous, and wild. They knew also that the land was afflicted by that dreadful fiend the malaria, which seems so enamoured of Ausonia's shores that it hovers even far around its western islands, encompassing thus the Peninsula with a zone of contagion. But it was also known that Sardinia, for this was the island to which Anselmo's course was to be directed, was fertile, blessed with all the productions of the earth, which thrived there, plentiful in cattle, game, birds of the air, and fishes of the sea; that tunny and coral abounded on its shores, and that it gave its name to the *sarde*, or

sardines, a small fish well known all over the Mediterranean, and hardly inferior in merit and taste to the noble Tuscan anchovy, the queen of small fry.

Sardinia was, therefore, a sort of promised land, guarded by dragons; at least it appeared something of this sort to the good people at Rome. Now and then an adventurous felucca from Civitavecchia, went to the nearest coast of Ogliastro, and brought back a cargo of hard salt cheese, which, with salt fish, sour wine, and black bread, serves as food to the harvest and hay-reapers in the Maremme; a diet certainly little calculated to counteract the effect of the pestilential air of those low plains, and which rather assists in the havoc which the tertian makes among the people in the autumn.

Of late years, Sardinia had all at once risen to a certain degree of importance in the Italian world, from the circumstance of his Sardinian Majesty, the representative of the house of Savoy, the sovereign of the fair lands of Piedmont, having, in his escape from French fraternity, taken shelter in the island from which he took his title, a part of his dominion which had been mostly neglected, but the only part now which he could still call his.

Victor Emmanuel, the reigning king, had after

his brother Charles' abdication, retired before the French arms, even as far as the kingdom of Naples, where he resided sometime in the fortress of Gaeta, a royal wanderer; but the French approaching the frontier with rapid strides, he embarked from Gaeta, and sailed direct for his sea-girt kingdom. Shortly after, his cousin of Naples was fain to follow his example, and took refuge in the island of Sicily. Thence, as from two signal towers, the two exiled Courts watched the progress of the inundation of the French over the rich territories formerly their own. Ferdinand of Naples was still in his adversity more fortunate than he of Sardinia. Sicily was truly a kingdom, and a beautiful little kingdom; while Sardinia was little better than a hermitage. But, from this hermitage, Victor Emmanuel and his Queen had still an eye to the valleys of the Po, and the rich plains of Saluces, and they still gave some trouble to their great foe. The number of adherents to the house of Savoy was very great, and these faithful subjects kept correspondence, not without danger to themselves, with their exiled Sovereign. Several of them were afterwards obliged, for their own safety, or for their immediate subsistence, to take refuge in Sardinia; others spread all over Italy, and especially at Rome, lamenting over the fallen fortunes of that

ancient family, the oldest in Europe, and over their own distress. They had yet some, though little, hope. When they could no longer act, they at least wrote, and kept alive the spirit of their brethren beyond the sea. They courted the Ministers of the Powers that were still in an attitude of defiance towards France, and above all, Russia, England, and Austria.

With some of these partisans, Anselmo's protectors at Rome had connexion, and they thought that by sending their protegé over to Sardinia, with good recommendations, they would put him in the way of forwarding himself in the world, and secure thus another individual to the common cause. The plan was proposed to Anselmo, and he approved of it; he felt the necessity of taking some determination, and it was indifferent to him to what quarter of the globe he directed his steps.

CHAPTER V.

Anselmo prepared now to leave his native country. As yet he had not been either to the northward of the great chain of the Apennines, or beyond the limits of Southern Italy. He was now going to launch in the wide world of adventures and try his fortune. Owing to his secluded life and want of communication with general society, he had lived till now in a world, as it were, of his own—in a world of fancy ; he was now going into that of reality. His anxieties had proceeded, till now, from causes which would be considered by many as unreal, being matters of opinion and feeling ; he was now going to learn the substantial evils with which men are afflicted in the great turmoil of society. Anselmo had seen, till now, things in a different aspect from that in which they are viewed by the great majority of the world ; he had been in a false position, from which his sufferings, his errors, and the uncertainty of his conduct had proceeded. He was now

going to be righted, to find his proper level, to feel what he had really to hope, to expect, and to look up to, and this change must be attended with severe trials. He stood now alone, left for the future to his own resources; he had no profession, he had been brought up to no business, and he was, I do not know whether to say cursed or gifted with a refined though imperfect education, above his probable fortunes. If this be a source of woe in every country, how much more in southern ones, where so little encouragement is given to talent or ingenuity, where so little patronage exists, and at a time when the public fortunes of the people had been so severely injured and reduced.

Anselmo stood up, however, against the uncertainty of his prospects; and the buoyancy of his spirits, depressed, but not destroyed, cheered him with dreams of adventures and successes, at which he himself could not help smiling a moment after. A voyage by sea! there was a charm in the very word. Anselmo had seen the Tyrrhenian sea at Terracina and at Naples; he recollected its brilliancy, its coolness, its fairy perspective, where it blends towards the western horizon with as blue a sky. He often had wished to go far beyond that faint line, to explore further waves, to see the lands beyond it, which his imagination

represented to him as fairer than those he had seen; his wishes were now going to be gratified.

Anselmo's little stock was made ready,—the widow, Santini, packed his portable wardrobe, and tears stood on her withered cheeks as she rendered what she thought this, her last service to her foster son. She remembered the time in which this now forlorn boy, who was going to be a wanderer beyond the seas, was the object of the cares of a noble mother, of a wealthy and accomplished father; the latter was now no more, and the former, of whom no tidings had been obtained for years past, was supposed to have hid herself in some religious retirement for life, alienated and disgusted with the world. There was a feeling of affectionate regard, I had almost said devotion, among poor people in Italy towards the children of the upper orders, which maintained itself throughout all the after vicissitudes of those changeful times; it was a chain formed by mutual services of generosity on one side, and gratitude on the other.

Anselmo's portfolio contained a few letters of recommendation for Sardinia, which were given him by the old Jesuit. Anselmo went to take leave of the father, who was still residing, although under the dress of a secular priest, in the former great central house of the order, annexed to the

splendid church of the *Gesú*. A few of the old members had been allowed by the late Pope Braschi an asylum within those walls where they formerly ruled, and from whence that powerful community issued its mandates to the four quarters of the globe. Anselmo passed through the silent corridors, and the numerous passages of that vast building, and having tapped gently at the cell-door, was admitted, and found Father B. sitting before his desk, in a neat apartment, which was at once his parlour and study. This man afforded an image of what the society must have been in the days of its splendour.

The suppressed Jesuits always entertained an idea of their future re-establishment; they used to say to each other, keep yourselves ready; *quando suona il campanello*, when the bell rings, we shall all meet again in our former residence. One feature of the order, at least, as it was before its fall, for it can never be again what it once was—things have changed too much since—was their independence of the papal court, which they did not flatter; they did not aspire to its dignities; the order and its interests were every thing for them. This gave umbrage to the Popes, while the partisans of independence accused them of keeping the human mind stationary, and in a state of tutelage, as they kept their immediate subjects

the Indians of Paraguay. The regularity of discipline with which the society pursued its objects, was exemplified even in the few remaining scions, like the one now before Anselmo. He stood like one of a few lone detached pillars of an immense building, but yet he stood upright and firm. The society had been suppressed for thirty years past; its members had been persecuted by all the Catholic sovereigns; those sovereigns themselves had been swept away by the French, equally inimical to the throne and the altar, to Molinists or Jansenists, to Jesuits or Dominicans; the French had overrun all Italy; they were at the very gates of Rome, and yet those three or four fathers lived quietly in their old convent of Gesù; they lived there lost in the labyrinth of corridors and cells of that immense cœnobium, as calm, as collected, as secure, as if they stood surrounded by all the power and influence of their thousand brethren of old. With feet tottering towards the grave, Father B., pale and emaciated, preserved all the mental activity of youth united to the character of manhood. He had regular audiences at fixed hours, which were numerously attended. He directed the consciences of many young men, and gave them advice upon their temporal and spiritual concerns: he exerted his influence to forward them in the world. Libraries, museums,

galleries, academies, schools, to all he had access, to all he procured tickets for those who wished to follow the arts or letters; he was as familiar with profane as with religious studies. He kept an active correspondence with several personages of the different courts of Italy, of the exiled courts of France, Sardinia, and Sicily, and with his embodied brethren in Poland. His farewell to Anselmo was such as became a man of his character. A recommendation to behave so as to conciliate the regard of his future protectors; an exhortation to keep faithful to the religion in which he had been brought up; a few short remarks on the precariousness of false philosophy, however triumphant for the moment; a few matters-of-fact suggestions about his worldly concerns, and a friendly affectionate adieu—these constituted his last conversation. No cant, no fanaticism, no bigotry, were displayed. He did not shudder at the probable prospect of Anselmo's going to join the English heretics in Sicily; on the contrary, he spoke of them with sincere regard, without once alluding to the difference of religion. "Go, my son, and Providence be with thee;" these were the last words of the good Father, as he half rose from his arm-chair, while Anselmo took his hand, which he pressed to his lips. As the latter shut the door, he felt he had left a man really superior. When

Anselmo returned to Rome some months after, Father B. had set off on a journey to Poland, where he shortly after died of age and fatigue.

Anselmo proceeded thence to the Colonna palace, which, not long before, had been the residence of the fugitive King of Sardinia. There lived an old Piedmontese, an humble but useful servant of that monarch. He gave Anselmo several letters for his exiled masters. He was himself making preparations for going away, as the French, who now surrounded the Roman states with their troops, had required of the Papal court the departure of all persons attached to the dethroned sovereign. Whence came the singular fidelity of these individuals, notwithstanding the most desperate appearance of their old master's fortunes? Was it mere fanaticism, as some people called it, or was it not supported by a sense of the justice of their cause, and by a feeling of principle?

The harbours and even the towers on the coasts of the Papal States were occupied by French troops, and the only place where one could obtain a passage for Sardinia, was Leghorn,—at that time, still a sort of neutral port, under the protection of a few regiments of Spanish troops, sent there by Charles IV. for the safeguard of his daughter, Maria Louisa. Unfortunately for Anselmo, his want of experience in travelling, and

the idea of saving his little stock of money, made him resolve on going to Leghorn by sea. He therefore went on board a felucca which was going down the river Tiber. But instead of putting at once to sea, the felucca was detained by contrary winds for several days, on the pestilential shore of Fiamicino, at the mouth of the river, in the month of July; and there Anselmo, sleeping several nights in the open air, exposed to the poisonous dew of that atmosphere, caught the germ of the malaria fever, which, however, did not break out until he reached Leghorn. There he was laid up at the inn for several weeks, and this circumstance made a serious inroad into his small resources. However, he took bark, the fever abated, and at last went away; the doctor told him he was still liable to a relapse, and when he heard Sardinia to be the place of Anselmo's destination, he made a most ugly distortion of the mouth, signifying that it was like going into the lion's mouth.

An Austrian polacca was on the point of sailing for Sardinia: Anselmo obtained his passport, laid in his stock, and repaired on board the vessel early on the morning of her departure from the busy thriving harbour of Leghorn.

Those who have witnessed the heaving up of the anchor of a vessel, and the unfurling of its sails, and those, moreover, who have been at that

moment on board of the vessel to take their departure with it, will understand the various feelings by which Anselmo was agitated at the time. The plaintive monotonous cadence of the sailors' voices, as in heaving up the anchor they repeat words of invocation to the Virgin and to the Saints of heaven for their prosperous course, for such is the custom in the Mediterranean; the bustle on deck in clearing it of all incumbrances; the lingering look of the spectators on shore watching the first boundings of the broad keel over the rippling waters; the adieus of friends and relatives who come alongside to shake hands for the last time with the passengers; the hurried blessing, the starting tear, the tremulous words of recommendation from those who are going to sail to those whom they leave behind, in favour of some object of heart-felt interest; and last of all, the shrill voice of the boatswain to unfurl the sails, the signal of final irrevocable separation, all these can be told, they can be described; but it is beyond the power of words effectually to describe the inward feelings of those who see the shore fast receding behind them, who lose the distinct sight, first of persons, next of the houses, next of the well-known hills, until at last in a few hours nothing is seen of all the animated scenery, but a blue speck like a vision of what once had life. If the departure

be attended with fine weather and calm seas, as is often the case in the Mediterranean, the sensations of regret are even more poignant. Stormy weather is in unison with stormy feelings, but lovely nature, a smiling sun, a blue sea, seem to connect us more with the land, in which, but for untoward circumstances, we might have lived quiet and happy.

The voyage was prosperous to the ship, though irksome and painful to Anselmo. He was ill all the time, in consequence of the weakness left by the fever of which he had lately suffered, and which was increased by the violence of the sea-sickness. Lying down under deck the greatest part of the time, he had full leisure to ruminate on his prospects, and to observe the demeanour of his fellow passengers. The vessel was a neutral, bearing the Austrian flag, and full of passengers, escaping from before the French, and going to take refuge in Sardinia. An embassador and his lady and attendants returning from Vienna, a Sardinian marchioness and her daughter, an elderly lady, the *chere amie* of a man of rank, and formerly a minister at Turin, two or three other woman, several Piedmontese adherents of the court, monks and priests, and two or three tradesmen; these, with their mattresses, their boxes, their hampers of provisions, completely

filled the cabin and between decks. One could trace the various callings and fortunes of the different individuals from their habitual demeanour and conversation. Their Excellencies preserved their state and consequence in the exclusive enjoyment of the principal cabin, while the embassadress's female attendants, two pretty-looking German girls, sallied out at times on deck, talking Deutsch, and giggling with the other passengers. The Sardinian lady and her daughter, whom Anselmo had become acquainted with at Rome, were social and good tempered, pleased with the idea of returning to their native country, wild as it was. The elderly beauty's occupation was solely to take care of her dear self, and the care of administering to her comforts occupied the whole time of her attendant. Another woman of a certain age, a Piedmontese or Savoyarde by birth, was seen often in earnest conference with one of the monks, a padre of a comfortable mien, who was going to join his brethren at some wealthy convent in the fine neighbourhood of Sassari. The traders were busy talking of their accounts, and looking anxiously at the compass and at the sails, living frugally, and herding together apart from the rest.

The vessel weathered Capo Corso, and sailed along the western coasts of Corsica and Sardinia. Off the Cape Tavolara, the vessel was hailed by

a man-of-war, and the fearful cry of *i Turchi, i Turchi*, meaning the Barbary privateers, resounded along the deck, to the great alarm of the women. However, it proved to be only a Maltese privateer, which, at the earnest request of the captain, did not even communicate with the crew, to save them the long quarantine, and contented themselves with looking at the papers from the boat alongside, for which attention they were treated with fresh biscuit and a small cask of wine. The vessel arrived in the roads of Cagliari, in the afternoon. The appearance of the city from the sea is not prepossessing. It has a look of wretchedness, which one finds fully verified on landing. Anselmo's fellow travellers were in all the bustle of preparation, sending on shore for their friends, conversing with them as they came alongside in the boats, making applications to have their quarantine shortened, *&c*. Anselmo alone stood forlorn; as he walked on deck, nobody appeared to welcome him. His few letters were addressed to personages of too high a station for him to expect they would take the trouble of coming alongside; besides, they referred rather to general affairs, among which the recommendation in favour of the bearer was only an episode. He did not think it, therefore, prudent to forward them on shore before he landed himself. The only letter he forwarded, was to a

priest of the name of Don Saverio, who was a sort of factotum between the emigrants and their correspondents in Italy. But even he did not appear. Anselmo remained, therefore, several days, waiting in painful uncertainty what would be his fate, and he began to taste

> . . . . . Como sa di sale
> Le pane altrui. . . . . .

Meantime, he observed, having nothing better to do, with a sort of listless indifference, the demeanour of his shipmates. The minister's family were overcome with messages, presents, and visits from the shore; the Embassadress made her appearance on deck, and the fair German suivante, who had attracted Anselmo's attention during the passage, was flushed with the expectation of novelty; she found no time to come and talk a few German words with him, as she had been in the habit of doing, which poor Anselmo took almost as cruel on her part. However, the pressure of his own circumstances corrected in some measure his simple regret in this respect, so he heroically gave up every thought of her. The friar and the lady of a certain age continued their intimacy, only Anselmo observed in the Father's countenance an appearance of greater rigidity, and looks of anxiety and expectation cast now and then to-

wards the shore. "There is another travelling acquaintance," thought Anselmo, "going to be cut asunder!" The old maitresse of the old Count was of course perfectly secure about her prospects; her's was a sort of sinecure—she was well attended, well supplied with provisions—she was comfortable, and her age placed her above any anxiety on the score of affection or jealousy—the season was past. The Marchioness and her lively daughter were skipping to and fro on the deck, being the only real natives who were going to their own home. The latter once or twice nodded to Anselmo with an air of kindness, but of course too much preoccupied with thoughts about other and brighter things to arrest them long on him. The mere passengers, whose position was more similar to that of Anselmo, still appeared to have friends on shore, who came now and then to visit them with marks of interest. "This is a little epitome of life," Anselmo thought, "with all its gradations of circumstances. I seem just now to stand lowest in the scale."

At last the day of the *pratica* came. The passengers and crew were mustered on deck; and, huddled in the boat, went on shore to the health-office, where the doctors, after having looked at them attentively from behind a grated window,

made them stretch their arms and legs, and make sundry grimaces, to show that they were not afflicted with any contagious disease.

The learned doctors examined Anselmo attentively; he had a sallow, sickly tinge, in consequence of the fever and sea-sickness, which would have been still more suspicious, had he not, at the recommendatiou of the captain, fortified himself with a glass of rum before he left the vessel. The passengers were at last admitted to land on the shores of Sardinia, which by the way are, during summer, nearly as unwholesome and fatal to strangers, on account of the malaria, as the plague itself could make them. Anselmo found himself on the quay, among people whose language and appearance were equally barbarous, and he was thinking where he should put up for the night, when a little smart abbé came to him, and addressing him by his name, said he had been very busy in providing a lodging for him. It was the abovementioned Don Saverio, and in his company Anselmo ascended some of the steep, unpaved, dirty lanes of the metropolis of Sardinia, and at last came to one of the gates, where a sorry-looking being was standing sentinel. Don Saverio and his companion passed the gate, and the latter then inquired which was to be his residence.

"In the Benedictine convent, outside of the

town, until we decide what is to be done with you. I have apprized the Marchioness B. and the Baroness L. of your arrival, and they have left to me the whole management of your affair." This was said with a nod of protection.

They arrived at the gates of the convent. The monks were at choir—the porter called the outer servant by some unintelligible name, which resounded through the vaults of the building. He came, a curious sample of the Sardinian peasantry. He was a square set person, with a preposterous large bull head, bristled hair nearly all over his face, hands, and arms, which were bare, thick legs and feet, a look half scowling, half idiotic; his voice akin to a grunt. Such was the appearance of this strange being, who seemed just such a man as we fancy the turnkey of a dungeon in the Inquisition to be. However, Anselmo soon found there was not the least harm in the man. He was laborious, obedient, and attentive to his duty.

Anselmo was ushered into a large apartment, which was to be his residence, and in which he found a man of a mature age, a native and a layman, apparently of the middle station of society, who appeared to have already possession of the quarters. He, however, did not seem to make any objection to the new arrangement, only ob-

serving that in the adjoining closet a bed might be conveniently placed for Anselmo. With this understanding, Don Saverio went away, promising to return in a day or two, and the servant proceeded to prepare something for dinner, or rather for supper, being now evening.

Here Anselmo was then left with an utter stranger in a convent, without having yet seen any of the monks, and unacquainted by what authority he had thus intruded on them. There is a strangeness not altogether unpleasant in similar situations. It makes the world appear like a common home, an hostelry of passage. Anselmo and his companion soon entered into conversation. The latter was an intelligent man, and although he put to Anselmo the ordinary questions which are asked of a newly-arrived traveller, yet he abstained from any thing that might savour of curiosity. He was much guarded in his expressions, and although his residence in a convent, where he appeared to be quite at home, might look extraordinary in a native, yet he never, either then or after, uttered any hint in explanation. Anselmo understood, however, indirectly, that he was there as in a place of safety from some prosecution that was pending against him.

Supper came, and a copious one it was. It was dressed in a peculiar way, after the Sardinian

taste, highly seasoned and spicy; the soup was quite yellow with saffron, but the ingredients were excellent. Meat, bread, and wine, vegetables and fruit, were all of the best quality. The soil of Sardinia is a land of promise; it produces every thing necessary for life, and many articles of luxury; tobacco, cotton, coffee, the sugar-cane, and even tea, have been tried and succeeded. The island produces abundance of corn, oil, and wines, of various sorts, among the rest some very good malmsey, as well as generous red wine, resembling the tinto of Alicant.

In the evening, the Superior of the Convent came to see Anselmo. His manners were those of a man of the world doing the honours of his house; he put a few civil questions to the new comer, and then asked him to his apartments, where several monks were already assembled. Those who connect the idea of austerity (at least in appearance) and hypocritical stiffness with that of conventual life, would have here found themselves very much mistaken. There was ease, openness, urbanity, and tolerable good breeding, at least for a remote country like Sardinia; those regulars showed themselves exactly what they were, a union of single country gentlemen, who had agreed to live within certain rules, and placed their property in common. The Superior seemed

respected by the others, but without servility; he carried his honours with becoming dignity—he said something affable, and at times jocular, to every monk that came in. There was an obeisance paid to him in entering the room, after which the new comers either sat down or formed groups about the apartment, talking to each other in an under tone. The furniture was neat and becoming, and did not differ from that of any private gentleman. Anselmo was for that evening an object of some curiosity, though it was repressed within the bounds of decorum. Few strangers visited Sardinia, and fewer still the convent; therefore Anselmo was considered as a welcome informant to ask news of about *terra ferma*. The progress of the French, the state of Rome, the Pope, St. Peter's church—these were natural topics of conversation. Excepting the Superior, who had been in Italy, there was in the listeners the expression of simple attention, excited by things about which they had heard a good deal, but could form no very distinct idea, although the scene was not far removed from their own shores. But Sardinia can be hardly called an Italian island—it is as much Spanish or African as Italian. The conversation was carried on in Italian; but the fathers, when speaking among themselves, often resorted to the Sardi-

nian, a dialect quite unintelligible to Anselmo, being different from every other he had heard on the Italian Peninsula. It sounds more like Spanish than Italian, and has a considerable mixture of Moorish words.

At an early hour, Anselmo retired to his own apartment, after having received a general invitation from the Superior to come in the evening to his social circle. He availed himself only a few times of the offer, but he found their manners always the same. Their duties in the church and in the confessional occupied a considerable part of the day; they rose early in the morning to prayers, and they were usually at home before dark in the evening. They appeared generally men of steady, regular habits, although enjoying a considerable degree of liberty. There was one young man who seemed more waywardly inclined than the rest; he was handsome and spirited—he played on the guitar, and appeared to be remarkably attentive to his dress—he used to visit Anselmo's companion, and to be with him on a confidential footing. He came once in before setting off for an excursion of a few days, and he was armed under his tunic with a pair of good pistols and a dagger. This, however, is a necessary precaution for those who venture out about the country in Sardinia. Anselmo's companion,

however, muttered something afterwards about an intrigue, and about the danger the young man was running, and such hints in Sardinia are extremely serious. There a quarrel is soon entered into, especially on the score of jealousy; and the dagger or the musket are in the hands of every countryman ready for use. When the victim has fallen, the murderer retires to the fastnesses or mountains of the interior, where he finds companions who assist him in defying the slow vengeance of the laws. Anselmo could not help at times suspecting his companion of having been concerned in some unfortunate affair of this sort, although, from his general sentiments, he must suppose him not to have been the provocator. But where the laws are insufficient to afford security or redress, men are more easily tempted, and at times almost obliged for self-preservation to do themselves justice.

Anselmo's companion was fond of reading, and he had a few good Italian and French books, chiefly about jurisprudence and political economy; among others the work of Filangieri.* He was a liberal-minded man, and spoke freely, though not violently, about the imperfections of the government of his country. There had been an attempt some years before at revolutionizing Sardinia—an attempt which had failed, and had drawn

upon the conspirators the utmost vengeance of the law; which the slower and the more indolent it is, in general, the more cruel it becomes when roused from its slumber. He complained that Sardinia, being governed by Viceroys, had been sadly neglected while its kings resided at Turin; that when at last the misfortunes of the house of Savoy had obliged its princes to seek for refuge in that island, a crowd of Piedmontese, and other Continental subjects of the king, had followed the Court, and become a burden to a country already loaded with the expense of supporting the reigning family, besides a considerable pension which the old King Charles, who had abdicated, and was residing at Rome, had reserved to himself. He spoke with respect of the actual king, Victor Emmanuel, who was endeavouring to establish some order in the administration of the island, although thwarted in it by the prejudices of the upper classes, and the inveterate habits of the peasantry. The latter (and Anselmo had occasion to see several of them) are a wild, stubborn, fierce race of men. They go about generally armed, even when engaged in their fields, most of them dressed in sheeps' skin, and wearing their beards: at the south-west extremity of the kingdom they still dress after the Moorish manner. But it is in the north-east part of the island, in

the district of Galluera, a mountainous region, that the most uncouth part of the population, consisting of shepherds, lives. There it was not safe for the king's officers and tax-collectors to venture. They lived, and probably still live, in a truly savage state, with little or no notion of religious or social bonds. The western part of the island, the district of Orestagni or Arborea, is very fruitful, but extremely unhealthy, being a flat country, interspersed with rivers and lakes. The *intemperie*, another word for the malaria, is there even worse than in the Campagna of Rome. Its effects are more prompt; and the Sardinians from Cagliari, and other parts of the island, are themselves afraid of it; it proves deadly, and in a very short period. There are hardly any roads throughout the island, but merely beaten tracks; and such is even a great part of the main road, from north to south, between the two principal cities, Cagliari and Sassari. The environs of the latter town are healthy and beautiful; it is by far the best district in the island.

The neighbourhood of Cagliari is not healthy, and Anselmo found it so to his cost. The merciless fever, which had reluctantly left him at Leghorn, returned a few days after his landing in Sardinia, and took away his remaining strength. He tried to resist, as much as he was able, its delete-

gious influence, but his spirits sank under it. The heat of August was insufferable, and the swarms of flies with which the country is infested were an additional plague. Anselmo remained for several weeks in this state, having regular paroxysms of cold and shivering, and then burning heat and thirst, every day. His companion, who never left the Convent, and seldom his apartment, behaved with remarkable kindness. Some of the Monks—one of them who was something of a doctor—visited Anselmo occasionally. Meantime Anselmo's friend, the Abbé, never came; and this gave occasion to Anselmo's companion to give the latter a few hints about the real state of affairs in the world, with which Anselmo was but little acquainted, and the little reliance to be placed on other people's disinterested exertions; concluding by advising him, as soon as he was able to walk, to proceed direct to town, and call on those persons for whom he had brought letters, and not rely on the intermediate channel of Don Saverio.

Accordingly, as soon as Anselmo could crawl out of doors, he went to the palace. This was an old gloomy building, extensive but not grand, and its interior in a state much dilapidated. There he had a view of the miseries of unfortunate royalty. Those who have seen Sovereigns

and Courts only in their splendour, which, from the false estimate men are apt to make of it, is apt to engender in their breasts feelings akin to envy—those men, were they to see the misery of an exiled and fugitive court, like that of Sardinia at the time we are speaking of, could not, if they had any spark of generous sentiment about them, but mourn over and pity its humbled fortunes. It is but a poor argument to say, that although fallen, kings still live as well as the wealthy among their former subjects; we know the power of early habits, and impressions, and association of ideas; we know that the feelings of men about their condition can only be comparative; and kings and princes are not in this different from others. If they themselves are supplied with all the necessaries, and even comforts of life, is it nothing that they see their relatives in distress! Is it nothing that they see their servants pining in want, for distress always weighs heavier as it descends? Is it nothing that they see themselves humbled, idle, and a burden to others? Some kings there may be who feel lightly upon these subjects—who spend the time of their exile in hunting and carousing, and drowning thought; but they are exceptions, for generally the more exalted the station the keener are the feelings of self-love. And if ever a royal family smarted

under the strokes of adversity, it was that of Sardinia. The princes of the house of Savoy have not shown themselves of that grovelling disposition which sinks easily below its fortunes; they were a spirited race, and the then Sovereign, Victor Emmanuel, was remarkable for his kind, sensitive feelings, which have accompanied him to his death.

Anselmo having inquired for the Marchioness ———, one of the ladies at court, was shown into a dismal ante-room, with a few common benches and chairs around it. He gave his name to a mournful-looking servant, with an old tarnished livery, who soon returned; and shortly after the Marchioness came. She was an elderly lady, with much of that stiff appearance of the ancient court, which has been so much ridiculed, but which, nevertheless, impressed Anselmo at the time with reverence. She had a quick, penetrating eye, and a countenance in which benevolence and dignity were mixed. She inquired about the Jesuit at Rome; and being satisfied on this point, and after she had repeatedly exclaimed he was a very worthy, very good man, she said that she had talked with Don Saverio about Anselmo, but that with all her good wishes to oblige her friends, she did not really see what could be done for him at Cagliari; and she gave at the same time an ex-

pressive look round the disconsolate apartment in which they stood. However, she said, Sicily was near at hand; there they had friends, and there the Court was more fortunate; besides which the English Allies had a station there, and it were more feasible there to find employment for a young man. She would, therefore, exert herself immediately, and speak to those who were directly connected with Palermo, and she would let him know the results. She advised him to call upon Baroness ——, the lady of a foreign minister, for whom Anselmo had brought a letter; it might be of some use, she said. Meantime, she recommended Anselmo to take care of his health, and was very happy to hear that he was comfortable for the while with the good Benedictine Monks. She then made a slight curtsey, and with a smile of kindness departed.

The Marchioness was as good as her word. Two or three days after the Abbé made his appearance at the Convent. "We," said he, with an air of importance, "have managed for you; you shall go to Palermo; you will have letters for that place, and for the English Officer commanding the station. The Marchioness desired me to bring you this news, and to say that you must prepare yourself to set off by the English frigate which is now in the roads waiting for despatches."

These tidings infused a new life into Anselmo. For a while he did not feel the debility of his frame: he expressed his best thanks to his good friends of Cagliari for their interest; and although his prospects appeared still extremely vague, yet he felt really glad to be delivered from the state of morbid suspense in which he had lingered for several weeks. Anselmo proceeded to pay visits to the Baroness. She was a person of a birth very inferior to that of her husband, who had married her after a long attachment. She seemed a plain, good-natured woman, who appeared to stand much in awe of her husband, a testy, formal old diplomatist, of rather a saturnine disposition. The Baroness, after talking with him for some time, sent to inquire whether her husband would see him. The answer was long coming; at last a servant entered to say that his Excellency was dressing in the next room. This was thought a favourable moment. Anselmo took his leave of the good-natured Baroness, and entered the *presence-room*. The Baron, a tall spare man, with the most inflexible muscles, was standing before his looking-glass in his shirt sleeves; a servant was tying his cravat, while another stood at a respectful distance, holding his Excellency's coat ready spread for him to put on. The servant motioned to Anselmo to draw a little on one side, and

wait his master's pleasure. There he stood for a minute or two. At last the great man slowly turned round, and stretching one arm to meet the opening of his coat's sleeve, looked steadily at Anselmo, who bowed profoundly. He said the Baroness had mentioned his name; that he did not snppose him to be so very young as he was; that he was going for some time on board an English man-of-war; that he must know the discipline was very strict, and he must conform himself to it; and then . . . . it might turn out well for him. He stopped; Anselmo waited some moments, but seeing he had nothing more to say, took his leave.

Next day Anselmo went on board the British frigate. This was the first time he was amongst Englishmen. The only individuals of that nation Anselmo had known till then, were an Anglo-Italian, who had been at Rome all his life—a pompous man, extremely taken up with his own person and appearance, and as perfect a specimen of distant reserve as one could see. Mixed with this, there was a share of that clear strong sense for which the English are remarkable, and which first gave Anselmo an idea of that nation's superiority. His other foibles, his display of virtú, his vanity, were of Italian growth. Anselmo used to meet him in the fine walk of Porta Pia, and he used to talk

to him about the wonders of England. His other English acquaintance was a decent old teacher of English at Florence, who gave him a few elementary lessons in that language. Anselmo knew little of the English by experience; yet he had heard his father and uncle talk of them with esteem, as a nation altogether superior to others. Their honesty, punctuality, cleanliness, and independence, he had often heard extolled. By the lower orders of Rome and Naples, he heard the English mentioned as strange people, but withal extremely generous and wealthy; the very Lazzaroni set aside their prejudices with regard to them. When a procession passed through the streets, and while the whole of the spectators fell on their knees, if some sturdy Briton remained upright, towering above the prostrated mass, the Lazzaroni would content themselves with shrugging their shoulders and saying, *è un Inglese;* which meant that he must be let go on his own way. But if any other unlucky foreigner, although equally a protestant, were to have acted similarly, he would have been exposed to insult, and even forced to kneel, borne down to the ground, under the pressure of some muscular Lazzaroni leaning from behind on his shoulders with all the weight of his wrists.

Upon the whole, Anselmo had conceived a very

high idea of the English On arriving on board the frigate, which was under sail, he was addressed by one of the officers, who had him shown down to the Midshipmen's mess. He followed his guide in darkness, and at the opening of a door, he found himself in a small cabin with eight or ten round-faced, merry-looking boys, who were drinking their grog out of cups, by the light of two stumps of candles. They did not seem surprised at the intrusion, but all immediately pressed Anselmo to share their provisions. He endeavoured to avail himself of their hospitality; but the close atmosphere, the glare of the light, and the heaving of the ship, obliged him soon to retire to his couch. He, however, made better acquaintance with his new companions next day; while the ship was sweeping over, with a fair wind, the tract of sea that divides Sardinia from Sicily. The day after that, they cast anchor in Palermo roads.

CHAPTER VI.

ANSELMO arrived at Palermo at an unfavourable moment. The hopes of the court of Sicily for the recovery of its continental kingdom, were on the wane. The fortress of Gaeta, the last strong hold of King Ferdinand, had surrendered to the French a few weeks before, and the Calabrian insurgents, left to themselves, were hunted down by the French troops like wild beasts. The war in Calabria had all those characters of ferocity, which were afterwards displayed in Spain and Portugal at the invasion of those countries. No quarter was given or received. Cruelties of a most shocking description were committed both by the French and by the peasantry. By a decree of the 31st July, Joseph Napoleon, now appointed King of Naples by his brother, had put the two provinces of Calabria under martial law, and given full powers to General Massena over the lives and properties of the unfortunate Calabrians. Military commissions were appointed, the sen-

tences of which were executed without appeal, within twenty-four hours. The properties of those persons who had left the country, or of those who did not denounce the insurgents whom they might know, were confiscated. French troops inundated those provinces, and lived at the expense of the inhabitants. The Calabrians were at last obliged to give up the open country; they retired to the fastnesses of their mountains, whence they sallied out and destroyed the French and their partisans, not sparing even their own relatives. Towns and villages were burnt by both parties, plantations destroyed, trees cut down, men murdered, women ravished and mutilated, and the properties of numberless families sequestrated and sold. This state of things lasted several years—all the time of Joseph's reign, and the beginning of that of Murat; until General Manhes pacified Calabria, in 1810, by destroying all the disaffected. The French lost a great number of troops, and their regiments returned to Naples mere skeletons; but there was no want of fresh supply from that great storehouse of *chair à canon*, as it was called, the conscription. The French soldiers who returned from Calabria told horrid tales of the cruelties they had seen, and in which they had acted a part. They were themselves amazed at the coolness of the *brigands*, as they called them.

When they took one of these fellows prisoner, and were going to hang him at the first tree, he would still hold his short pipe in his mouth, then lay it down quietly on the grass while they were adjusting a rope round his neck, and when at times the tree or the rope were not found fit for the purpose, the man would take up his pipe, shake the ashes out, replace it in his mouth, and thus walk on to the next tree.

Whilst these horrors were perpetrated on the coast opposite to Sicily, the court and people at Palermo seemed to live in listless security, and pursue their routine of pleasures, as if in times of profound peace. Anselmo observed this heartless indifference, and augured ill from it; and he heard, in the public places, some Neapolitan officers express themselves to the same purpose. "While the faithful and forsaken Calabrians are shedding their last blood for our king, we are kept here loitering along the Cassaro and the Marina. But thus it has always been with our ill-starred country. Whatever we have done, has been done out of place, either too soon or too late, and without accord." A handful of English soldiers had not long before effected a landing on the coast of Calabria, and obtained a gallant triumph over the French. The battle of Maida shone like a jewel in the midst of the mournful events of the south

of Italy; but, unsupported by the Sicilian troops, it led to no permanent results, and the Calabrians were once more left to their fate. Sicily considered itself safe, relying entirely on British protection. Dissipation, extravagant luxury, and a thirst for pleasure prevailed at Palermo. The court lived in a style of splendour, far different, but also much less creditable, than the forced parsimony of that of Sardinia. Anselmo, who, on arriving at Palermo, had heard the dismal accounts from the opposite coast, was struck with the contrast. And this government has twice lost a kingdom, and for it thousands of humble peasants have sacrificed themselves! The reflection was harrowing. Anselmo's head became dizzy with the contemplation of the evils that fell from all quarters on the unfortunate land of Naples. On one side, a ruthless invader, a foreign arbitrary conqueror, who obliged, under pain of death, men who hardly ever heard of his name, to alter at once their habits, their allegiance, their manners, and their economy—loaded them with new taxes, and forced them to give up their children, in order to perpetuate their own slavery: on the other, a government which still considered itself the lawful sovereign of the land, and threatening to treat as rebels those who did not maintain their loyalty, yet left them to be overpowered and massacred by the foreigners. What are the poor

people to do in similar cases? This is real misery,—these are real visitations upon an unfortunate country.

It can be easily imagined, that while things went on in the manner described, there was little chance at Palermo for a young man like Anselmo to meet with any encouragement. Had there been any active well-directed efforts for the recovery of the lost kingdom, any expedition ready to be sent over to the Continent, any volunteer corps being raised, Anselmo might have obtained employment; but as it was, even the few Neapolitan regular troops which remained in Sicily were ill paid, and there was no thought of increasing their number.

Anselmo continued on board a British ship of the line then in the bay, in consequence of the obliging offer of the captain, for whom he had brought letters, and there he found a more congenial resting-place than in the noisy, dissipated city, where he went, however, to stroll during the day. Seen from the bay, the coast of Sicily, and the long line of glittering buildings of Palermo, the splendid oriental looking palaces of the Sicilian nobility, and the groves of the Flora, the whole backed by dark green mountains, and ended by the jutting naked rock of Monte Pellegrino, looked enchanting—while on the north, the little Island of Ustica appeared like a speck in the blue mirror of the sea. Splendid pomp of nature and art united,

thought Anselmo, and yet how much of it is wasted upon beings who have no feeling for it, no sense of its grandeur, no capability of real enjoyment! What a contrast between the effeminate, spiritless, thoughtless multitude on shore, and the manly, though stern looks of those who dwell on this floating little island. How superior this race of men appears, and yet they are rendered so by early education and discipline!

Anselmo had now become acquainted with most of the officers on board. He found in them hospitality, cordiality, honour, frankness, civility, and even politeness. He admired above all their erect mien and independence of speech—their discretion—their carefulness to avoid any prying and intrusive questions—their flow of spirits and light-heartedness. Although sailing along shores distracted by all the demons of oppression and misery, they felt they had a safe home far beyond the sea. Anselmo envied them this feeling of confidence and security. If he observed at times an excess of wildness in the junior *aspirants* on board, this was the natural failing of youth, which would be repressed to a proper level by age, by discipline, and by the example of their superiors. But Anselmo could not remain long with them. It is true he was offered, and cordially, to be taken to England, if he wished,

and had the ship had the prospect of sailing soon homewards, he might have been tempted to avail himself of the offer; but his fever returned, his frame was exhausted, and that rendered his station in the vessel unpleasant. He determined then to return to the main land of Italy, and having found a Sardinian xebec about to sail for Leghorn, he took his passage on board. Several of the officers endeavoured to dissuade him from returning to the continent, which was at the time under the grasp of the French; but what prospect could he have even if he had reached England, where he knew no one? This, and the debilitated state of his health, induced him to remove to his native shores. He parted, and not without regret, from the kind English, and went on board the Sardinian vessel after several weeks' residence on board the British man-of-war.

Anselmo left Palermo Roads on board the Sardinian sciabecco, a vessel of about sixty tons, with both lateen and square sails, which produce a curious and picturesque appearance seen from a distance. They weighed anchor at midnight, availing themselves of the land breeze, and sailed under the stern of the noble seventy-four, which had been Anselmo's residence for more than a month. They were soon in the open sea, steering cautiously away from the shores of Naples, for fear of being

encountered by French privateers, the Sardinian flag being then in hostility with that of France. But there was at the same time another and a more fearful danger in crossing those seas—the danger of meeting with a Barbary privateer; for those pirates, always ready to avail themselves of quarrels among Christians to fall upon the weaker power, were then cruising against the defenceless subjects of the exiled sovereigns of Sardinia and Sicily, as well as against those of the other two impotent Italian governments, the Pope and the Queen of Tuscany. The prospect of African slavery is always appalling, but it was much more so to a young man in Anselmo's situation. Friendless, without resources, with a debilitated frame, and depressed spirits, with the fever hanging on him, to fall into the hands of barbarians, to be stowed down in the hold of their filthy and crammed privateers, to be ill used and chained, to be sold in the market of Tunis or Algiers, to be used like a beast of burden, taken perhaps to the savage wilds of the interior, and no prospect of release from misery but slow lingering death; this was sufficiently appalling. The evil of this state of society presented itself in all its deformity to his mind. Why should the unfortunate Italians be exposed to all these evils?—to be kidnapped in sight of their own shores? What have they done

to deserve it? Why should their governments have so long neglected the duty of affording security to their subjects in their maritime speculations?

Few readers can be aware of the miseries, as well as of the delights, of a Mediterranean voyage on board a country vessel. It is a strange existence, encompassed by dangers on every side; dancing along that beautiful, yet treacherous sea, on a frail, low-decked bark, from the deck of which you can touch the water with your hand. The element smiles at you, all friendship and beauty; its gentle rippling waves kiss the bows of the vessel, when all at once on approaching a high land or turning a cape, the wind rushes on you like the demon of storm; in a few minutes the appearance of the sea is changed—its evenness, its azure, disappear, its waves curl angrily and rise higher, whiter, and more threatening every instant; they thunder against the sides of the ship, and cover them with foam; they moan like ministers of death calling for their prey, and, as if proud of their tormenting power, they toss the frail bark to and fro in that wilderness of waters. And then the sun sets, and leaves you with the prospect of a long autumnal night—with no chance of making a harbour, especially if along the coasts of southern Italy. There are dangers in being too near the land, the dangers of shallow coasts and

sunken rocks; and if you lose the land, you must run to the dangerous, wild shores of Corsica, or Sardinia, with which none but the natives of those islands are acquainted, and where, if wrecked, you are in peril of being murdered. A leaky boat, pumps out of order, patched up sails, and old ropes and cables, cover the ship. There is always scarcity of water and provisions; sometimes the only casks of water being lashed on deck, whence a sea can wash them off in a moment. No accommodations for cooking the scanty victuals are to be found; a fire of wood is lighted on deck in the open air, the smoke of which suffocates you; and if the unfortunate passenger runs down into the windowless cabin, he is driven out from it by the foul atmosphere, the loathsome smell, the filth and the vermin, which prevent him from taking his rest. If the hatchway be open, the rain and sea-water, and the cold wind, come down into your very birth. On a rainy night, the master and half a dozen men, with their shaggy capotes dripping with water, will take shelter in the cabin, and there fill the place with thick clouds of tobacco smoke.

After a night passed in this predicament, how reviving is the first dawn appearing in the east!

> "Dear is the blush of early light
> To him that crosses the pathless deep."

What a pleasing sensation the morn brings with it. —how cool, how refreshing to the mind and frame —man feels restored to life; he feels as if, with the return of light, the terrors of the storm were dissipated. After a night of feverish anxiety, how exquisite to inhale the cold breeze on deck, and to see the distant land of Italy appearing in view, with its yellow sandy shore—its picturesque cliffs —its blue Apennines—its rich groves—its towers and castles, like a land of enchantment; it seems to the wretched traveller as if the mere landing on such a shore must bring him happiness. "Put me on shore naked and a beggar, and I am satisfied," he is ready to exclaim at times.

The situation fittest to bring a man to a sense of his nothingness, is that of being on board a small vessel in a storm. What is there between man and destruction? A moment is sufficient to make the bark and its tenants disappear for ever —leaving no trace of their existence. It is said that man has conquered the elements: he can for a time evade their fury; but when the powers of the deep are really called forth by the mysterious voice of the howling winds, can the diminutive bark be said to oppose the sea, or to master the raging waves? It shivers before them; it bows under their pressure; tremblingly it acknowledges their mightiness; they toss it about at their mercy;

they sink it in their yawning bosom; and if it escape, it is merely because it does not offer sufficient resistance to call forth the irresistible shock of the great mass of the ocean.

Anselmo made similar reflections as the vessel shot like an arrow across the Calabrian seas in a gale of wind. Arrived at the latitude of Naples, the wind, till then favourable, though impetuous, shifted to the west, and it was found impossible to proceed. They were then in sight of the island of Ponza, and the master of the vessel resolved to steer for it, in hopes of reaching the harbour before dark. The sea ran tremendously high; the evening became dark; heavy clouds of a dark copper colour rose from the west, and covered by degrees the greatest portion of the firmament, while others, of a dark grey tinge, advanced to meet them from the east; the skies were obscured; only one beautiful light, the evening star, twinkled in the horizon just above the harbour of Ponza, as if pointing out the only chance of safety. The hollow roar of the waves, the white foam of the billows glaring through the dim twilight, the deafening howl of the increasing gale, rendered the scene terrific.

Once in the safe harbour of Ponza, our travellers felt the delights of smooth water and safe anchorage; but other miseries awaited them.

Although coming from the neighbouring and friendly land of Sicily (Ponza was then still under King Ferdinand), they were kept in quarantine; but after a few days, by dint of remonstrances and doctor's certificates, accompanied by the present of a barrel of fine oil, the quarantine was shortened, and at last they were put into pratique. But no refreshments were to be had at Ponza—no bread or meat; the inhabitants, the principal part of whom were state prisoners sent here by the Government of Sicily, lived on biscuit and salt provisions, which were sent over to them from Palermo, as the neighbouring coast was in the hands of the French. Some goats' milk, and a few wild vegetables, gathered on the barren mountain, were all the luxuries Anselmo could obtain, thirsting and debilitated as he was by the returning ague. Yet the delight of the land air, and the appearance of the grassy slope of the hills, were refreshing.

From Ponza the vessel sailed again to the westward. Arrived off the coast of Rome, one of the most dangerous lee shores in the Mediterranean, the wind became again contrary. At the same time, a white lateen sail appeared in sight, and from its suspicious manœuvres, the sailors began to suspect it was a Barbary privateer. *Turchi, Turchi*, was the fearful cry. The master looked through

his glass; the vessel drew near, apparently in chase of the Sardinian. The master and crew fell on their knees, crying "We are lost, we shall be taken to Barbary!" The only chance of safety was forcing their sails, and bearing direct for the shore, where there was a watch-tower. They did so, and the wind shifting a little, enabled them to bear on the tower. The corsair fired a shot which missed the xebec, when the garrison of the tower alarmed, fired their heavy gun on the audacious privateer. This, and the Sardinian being already within cannon reach of the shore, seemed to deter the rover, and he stood off again at sea. The master of the Sardinian thought it better to go into the harbour of Civita-vecchia, which was in sight; and Anselmo finding himself within a day's journey of Rome, landed and proceeded in a waggon over the desolate waste that divides the Roman metropolis from its harbour on the Mediterranean.

The distance between Civita-vecchia and Rome is about forty miles—a complete desert, inhabited by wild cattle. Anselmo passed the night among a party of cattle drivers at a large dismal osteria, a sort of caravansera, on the lone heath. Next day Anselmo arrived again at Rome. The following winter was an epoch of real misery. Subject to repeated attacks of the merciless fever,

every paroxysm of alternate shivering cold and burning heat increases the debility of the frame, and reduces the strength of the patient to bear the next; the springs of life wear out apace, appetite leaves him, and is succeeded by nausea and distaste for every thing; morbid vitiated sensations of all the limbs—chill, feverish dampness of the skin, become habitual—in this wearisome and tedious disease the sufferer has a foretaste of dissolution, and his own frame becomes almost loathsome to him. Then the unsoothing habitual drowsiness, the sickly dreams of things shapeless, disgusting, or fearful, the daily dread of the return of the invisible foe, make the mind seem under the influence of a baleful genius. Such was Anselmo's state for months and months, for more than a year, and this at a time when he was destitute of friends, destitute of resources, destitute of means to procure medical attendance, bereaved of all prospects, disheartened and hopeless. The widow Santini alone still remained near him, nursed him, and administered to him. With the return of the Spring he felt relieved, but the fever did not leave him; he was free for a day or two; he thought he was rid of it, when again it came with all its horrors of headache, parched tongue, shivering and chattering of the teeth. The least cold wind, the evening air, would bring it on infallibly. Anselmo, however,

went on, endeavouring to employ his time; his knowledge of several languages obtained him some trifling temporary occupation. When he had nothing better to do, he repaired to his favourite libraries, the Minerva and Angelica. It was in those libraries, the libraries of Convents, that Anselmo read first the works of the professors of incredulity. There he read Voltaire, Rousseau, Bolingbroke, Mirabeau, Volney, and others. He read them out of curiosity; the bias of the times was in favour of their doctrines; yet Anselmo, though perplexed, was not convinced by them; he found their tenets too frigid and too heartless. What did they offer him in exchange for those consolatory principles which had sustained his courage during all his vicissitudes? They sneered at devotion, they laughed at belief; they told the great mass of mankind that they were idiots; that all they had done and thought was wrong; but did they tell them what to think or do? They declaimed against religion, but did they say what was to be substituted? Did they lay down any intelligible creed, any code of morality? No; they left man in doubt, in uncertainty. They taught that revelation, that the prospect of a future life, were chimerical; so that they took from the unfortunate even that last consolation. But did they remove at the same time his worldly evils? No! they in-

creased them, as they took away the check of religion, which prevents many crimes. Why should a man be just, merciful, and charitable, if the religion which teaches those virtues be false? Why should a man restrain himself from any indulgence, however it may be injurious to others, if every thing ends with death? Why deprive himself of a moment's gratification, if we are only in this world to live like the animals, merely for the present moment? There is a contradiction between the assumptions of incredulity and every moral principle—every principle by which society is kept in order. If those philosophers were consistent, they must have resorted to the mere law of the stronger for the code of mankind. And, on the other side, if we examine the private conduct of many of these men, can we believe that they were the surest guides to truth? One book which Anselmo read, at the same time, strengthened him in his mistrust of the doctrines of incredulity. This was the "Letters of certain German and Portuguese Jews to M. de Voltaire;" in which the anonymous author exposes the inconsistencies and the flippancy of the Patriarch of Ferney, with great ability.

Many of the Roman youth had become adepts in fashionable infidelity. They did not only animadvert upon abuses of church discipline, or on

human exaggerations, but they laughed downright at revelation. They, of course, did not approve at the same time of an ecclesiastical government; and as Bonaparte was the hero of the day, they wished he would come and drive the Pope out of Rome. Then they foresaw nothing but plenty, liberty, enjoyment, and all sorts of good things. Anselmo knew several of these men. There were among them a few persons of a mature mind and of real abilities. These were actuated by regular motives, and with one of them particularly Anselmo became intimate; he was one of the most sensible and honest of the sect.

De Grossi, with whom Anselmo became acquainted, was a man of a strong natural mind, but of no great general information. He felt keenly the trammels by which talent was fettered in his native country, and this working upon an irascible temperament had rendered him misanthropical. He had studied the law and practised as a counsellor, but from his poverty, his unbending sternness, his unconciliating manner, he had little or no practice. This misfortune, which was the more severe to him as he had a wife and children to support, exasperated him against the present government, because he thought himself unjustly neglected. He lived from day to day upon some small remains of his former saving, and upon some slender

fees he now and then earned for some legal labour. He attended the courts at Monte Citorio, and there met with his more fortunate and more pliant brethren, who had grown rich under the old system, and who laughed at him for his austere ill-humour and intractability, which kept him eternally poor. However, De Grossi was honest, and a man of integrity; his aversion to oppression under every shape, proceeded from a strong sense of right, but it led him into numerous squabbles with one or the other of the inferior authorities, such as the rector of the parish,* the bargello, or police officer, *&c.* in behalf of some unfortunate, or imprudent, or dissipated character, but whom De Grossi looked upon as innocent and ill-treated.

De Grossi's appearance was indicative of his mind. A tall, bony, spare form, long muscular arms, a strongly marked profile, aquiline nose, prominent chin, high cheek-bones, and quick eyes, thick, bushy, black hair and eye-brows, strong beard, and a sallow, bilious complexion. Such was this man, who went about grumbling, dressed in his threadbare suit of black, which hung about him as on a peg; his rusty rare silk stockings, and his tarnished gilt metal buckles, all in character with his broken fortunes, dissatisfied mind, and the cheerless dilapidated appearance of his household. His chief pastime was going to a patch of

ground on the slope at the back of Mount Celius, in the most desolate part of that singular wilderness, which is encompassed by the eternal walls, where he had raked up the rubbish, and cultivated a few cabbage plants, and two or three stunted cherry-trees; and there perched up under a shed, surrounded by mouldering walls and ruins, the abode of snakes and of owls and bats, he mused, either alone, or in company with some congenial spirit, dreaming of Cincinnatus and Camillus, till the unwholesome dews of the evening forced him to depart, solitary and unsocial as he came, and return to the heated, noisy, filthy district of the Piazza Navona, where his dwelling was on a fourth floor. There he brought an accession of ill-humour, which he vented upon his astounded and unphilosophical family.

This broken spirit, this deluded man, who in happier fortunes would have been a peaceful contented citizen, a loving husband and father, for his feelings were naturally warm and good, took a singular liking to Anselmo. To him he began to unbosom his griefs; for it is the character of the Italian, reserved and mistrustful in public, to be excessively confident and open in private. Nature, and especially the nature of a warm temperament, requires relief and communication; it cannot live deprived of it; the heart would break. Though he saw that Anselmo had opinions of his

own which did not coincide with his, yet he talked to him in confidence; and when, in his cooler, dispassionate moments, he complained of the abuses of administration, of the courts of justice, and of the police, of the barbarism of criminal laws and punishments, of the disgrace of the *Corda*, of the want of encouragement to agriculture and commerce, then Anselmo agreed with him, though he had no faith in the panacea proposed, in the change from an ecclesiastical to a military regime. De Grossi was not blind to the ambition and thirst of conquest of Napoleon, but he thought the latter the only man able to effect an entire change, and he trusted to futurity for better opportunities of restoring Italy to independence. Anselmo feared that French occupation would only increase the miseries of Rome, and saw no chance of repose under a Government which was engaged every year in a new war against one or the other of the European States. However, he talked with pleasure to De Grossi—he had a sincere regard for him, but he thought him too sanguine in his expectations. De Grossi's individual hopes were realised a few years after. After the final French occupation of Rome, he was made a Sub-Prefect of one of the new-made departments into which the Papal States were divided. Thus he was raised from distress and obscurity to comparative affluence, and to a station

of some importance. He did not, however, enjoy his honours long. He was carried off by a violent fever; and it was said, that in his last moments the influence of early impressions, heightened by the violence of the disease, brought him to express his bitter regret of the course he had pursued, and to lament the disappointment of all his golden dreams for the regeneration of mankind, to be effected through Bonaparte's ministry.

The year 1807 was an epoch of suspension of hostilities towards the Roman State. Napoleon was at the time engaged in war against Prussia and Russia, and the political existence of Rome was protracted awhile. But the French troops and their commanders, who occupied the greater part of the Roman States, heaped all sorts of vexations and insults on the Papal Government. They, after having occupied the provinces on the Adriatic, took possession also of the line of coasts on the Mediterranean, and of the harbours of Civitavecchia, Terracina, and Port d'Anzio; they forbade the introduction of English goods; they dismissed, ill treated, and arrested the Pope's civil and military authorities; they obliged the receivers of the taxes and other public monies to pay the amount into their hands; they incorporated the Papal garrisons with their own; and when the unfortunate Pope was obliged to put a new tax on his subjects

to supply the maintenance of the French army in his own states, an expense which amounted already to several millions of dollars, he was reproached by Napoleon, with burdening the Roman people with excessive taxation, on purpose to exasperate them against the French! All these omens, which were bitterness itself to Pius, afforded matter of exultation to the discontented at Rome. They saw that the fall of the Papal power was decreed; but they complained of the slowness of the French, and were ashamed of their subterfuges. "Why not strike a blow at once?" they exclaimed. "Why so much hesitation towards a power so weak as that of the Pope?" Thus they complained with one another at their coteries and clubs, in which, however, little was done beyond mere declamation. Spreaders of discontent there are many, but real conspirators are few at all times.

Notwithstanding the humiliations to which he was exposed, in the month of May of that year, one of the most splendid ceremonies of the Roman church was performed by the Pope, in the temple of St. Peter. This was the canonization of five *beati*, a ceremony which had not taken place for many years. The interior of the church of St. Peter, blazing with wax lights, and hung with rich silk and gold tapestry;—the procession formed

of all the secular and regular clergy of Rome, amounting to several thousands;—the hierarchy of Prelates, Bishops, and Cardinals, in their rich costume;—the immense crowd which filled the area before the temple;—the firing of the artillery of the Castle St. Angelo,—all these formed a sight truly imposing. But in the midst of this pacific pomp in the pacific city of Rome, the appearance of a French general riding in at full speed, escorted by twenty-four dragoons with drawn swords, astonished and alarmed the multitude. This was the Adjutant-General Ramel, who, being on his passage through Rome, and enjoying the hospitality of the palace of a Roman nobleman, attracted by the report of the ceremony, bethought himself of this mode of displaying his own rank and his master's authority, by taking with him a troop of foreign soldiers who were not stationed at Rome, but belonged to a corps then on its passage through the Roman States, and traversing thus in warlike array the most populous part of a neutral and independent city. This was considered by the Pontiff as a fresh insult offered to him, and he ordered that the gates of Rome should thenceforward be closed against any French armed soldier.

Whilst the partisans of the French chuckled over these signs of a final rupture which must immediately lead to the downfal of the Papal

power, and whilst moderate and sensible men deplored the evils of their country, and the petty vexatious system pursued by Napoleon for years, there were not wanting men of violent minds, who would have urged the Pope to what they called energetic measures. They talked of interdicts, of bulls, of excommunications, of raising the lower classes; the rumours of pretended miracles were abroad; and some images were asserted to have opened their eyes, with other similar wonders. But the firm and enlightened mind of Pius stood firm, and repressed those rash projectors. He was determined to wait patiently as long as he could, to throw upon his enemy the full charge of provocation, and to let the injustice of it rest upon him. The fanatics were repressed, and thus greater evils were avoided.

Anselmo, during his acquaintance with De Grossi, and several others of the discontented people, became sensible of the existence of many abuses; but he could not share with his new acquaintances that painful feeling of rancorous and ungenerous hatred against the clergy, which rankled in many of the adepts of the French school. At that time there was but little talk of republicanism; it was laughed at as a delirious dream by most of those who had proclaimed it a few years before; every thought of independence, of

the rights of men, of equality, had dissolved into admiration for one man, submission to his decrees, and encomiums on his military triumphs, which cost France and Italy every year eighty thousand victims. In the midst of all these declamations, Anselmo perceived and felt the selfishness, the heartlessness of the sect; he heard from several of its adepts the most profligate principles of conduct proclaimed; the principle, that whatever tends to increase our gratifications of any sort, is a good, and ought to be sought after. The opinions many of these persons entertained of females were often disgusting. They looked upon them in the light of their prey; they boasted of their favours, insulted their frailties, and made no scruple of tormenting them after their fall. These confessions, which Anselmo heard from the mouths of men who were the most severe censors of the abuses of the clergy, made Anselmo open his eyes and mistrust them. Even admitting, as true, all the abuses of the church these men complained of, it was evident that little good could be expected from such regenerators. Abundance of scandal circulated about the morals of the clergy, yet Anselmo never met an instance of depravity in any of them, whilst the abandoned maxims and conduct of the others were proclaimed by themselves. What deduction was he to draw from this?

In the beginning of summer, the news of the victory of Friedland, and of the peace of Tilsit, reached Rome, and carried the exultation of the French party to its height. Napoleon having returned to Paris, began to renew his peremptory demands on the Pope. He insisted on the latter placing himself entirely under his orders, consenting to the occupation of his forts and harbours, paying the French garrisons, and, ridiculous enough, that he, the defenceless Pope, should make common cause with Napoleon in all the wars the latter should wage against the infidels and against the English! Such were the expressions of an official document handed to the Pope's minister at Paris, and transmitted by the latter to Rome. These and other conditions were evidently a pretence to bring matters to a violent issue, and the French partisans openly announced their approaching triumph.

Anselmo did not share in their exultation. While he much doubted the reality of the advantages which would result to Rome from the change, he saw that as to himself the present state of confusion, and the general stagnation of affairs, and the distress resulting from it, were all but favourable. The little occasional employment he had ceased, and want stared him in the face. About this time he was advised by some

friends to proceed to Naples, where one of his father's relatives was now residing in the pursuit of commercial business. Anselmo was also encouraged to try whether a journey to Naples would cure him, radically, of his troublesome fever, which still hung about him; and having no prospect at Rome, he requested his passport, and prepared to set off, towards the middle of September, for the Neapolitan metropolis. Previous to his departure, he had taken leave of his few Roman friends. De Grossi he left in the heyday of expectation; his clerical friends sunk in despondency. One of the latter, a friar, thus addressed him: "Well, you are also going to leave our devoted city. Are you also one of those who wish to see us turned out of our churches and convents, where we have spent one-half of our natural life in retirement, and where we expected to lay our bones quietly; but now we shall be left beggars in the streets, exposed to the taunts of those whom we have never offended, and who hate us because we admonished them of the road of error into which they had strayed. Do you also enjoy our humiliation—do you join in the cry of 'down with priests! away with monks! the useless vermin!'"

"No," replied Anselmo; "no, father, whatever may be my destiny, I shall never join that

senseless cry; of this you may be sure. It grieves me to see you ungenerously treated. I have met nothing but kindness on your part, and it is not for me to be the judge and the censor of your institutions. Whatever imperfections there might be in these, the way in which your enemies seem determined to reform them, appears to me ungenerous and unjust."

"Heaven's will be done," ejaculated Father B. as he pressed Anselmo's hand; "I am getting old, and I shall submit to end my days in poverty and exile. You, my son, are young, and you will see the storm pass away and men return to more humane and reasonable sentiments. Adieu, Providence accompany you." And with this the father accompanied Anselmo to the gate of the convent.

Before leaving Rome, in this epoch of general alarm, trouble, and sorrow, Anselmo thought of retiring for a week to some religious house to devote this time entirely to religious meditation, and to a complete examination of his conscience. This practice, which went by the name of spiritual exercises, was common among persons of religious feelings, and recommended especially to young men by their spiritual directors. Several convents and religious communities were in the habit of affording this spiritual accommodation at fixed

epochs, three or four times a year. One of the most recommended was the convent of San Giovanni and Paolo on the Celian Hill. There, shut up in a solitary cloister, far from the inhabited parts of the city, surrounded by melancholy gardens, in sight of stupendous ruins—every thing seemed to unite to inspire the penitents with religious awe. Each penitent had a separate cell, in which he ate his meals alone, strict silence being preserved during the whole time of his residence in the convent. The penitents were awakened in the morning before day-break, and assembled in the Oratory to say prayers, and to listen to fervent exhortations which were addressed them by one of the fathers appointed for the purpose. Later in the day they attended mass; and then a regular sermon on some of the great points of faith, such as the mission of our Saviour, a future life, and the last judgment was preached to them. It was then that the preacher used all his eloquence to touch the hearts of his hearers—to excite their contrition—to threaten them with the vengeance of Heaven, at the same time holding before them the eternal consoling promises of hope for the repentant sinner, which are so beautifully inculcated in the Gospel. The effect of those sermons and exhortations was surprising. Very few could resist them even the

first day. The trial has been made on obdurate hearts—on scoffers and libertines, and has been found effectual. The pathos, the tone of charity and affection of the preacher, the whole impressive apparatus of religion, the solitude and silence of those cloisters, their singular and classical situation, which gave rise to so many reflections—all these affected the temporary recluse. He made a general confession of his whole life, took the sacrament, and came out of his retirement renovated in spirit. The peace, the absence of all worldly concerns that were enjoyed at San Giovanni and Paolo were balm to the heart. The range of the convent garden was allowed to the penitents, and the view extended over Mount Palatine and the other deserted hills of Rome. A solitary palm-tree grew in the gardens.

It was a damp, chill autumn morning, the sun had not yet risen above the Apennines to dissipate the unwholesome mist which hovers above the flat waste of the Campagna, when Anselmo was already on his way past the Forum and the Coliseum, on the great road leading to the Laterannsis Basilica. He passed by its ample portals, which he had frequently entered in former years with all the fervour of a youthful catechumen, to assist and share in the hierarchical pomp of impressive solemnities; now, how different all this

appeared to him! It is a sad feeling, that of enthusiasm dissipated! It is not only love whose freshness fades in the course of time! We grow old to know, or to fancy at least, that all we have been most attached to in our lives has been a mere waste of time about toys; and as we cannot live without toys, we change those that made our hearts vibrate faster, and our imaginations expand, for others which have not the power of awakening our palsied faculties. And when we become tired of all, dissatisfied with every thing about us, insufferable to ourselves and to others, then we are apt to fancy we have made a great step in the career of philosophy, while we have merely been advancing rapidly in that of death.

Anselmo was, however, but a young philosopher; and in him the elastic springs of a southern temperament were not yet destroyed. So he threw up his knapsack across his shoulders, as he gave a last look at the noble church of St. John and its adjoining cloisters, the seat of councils and popes in times of yore, and passing through the gate of the same name, he found himself out of the enclosure of the eternal walls. "This time, at least," said he to himself, "I shall not come back again, unless with bettered fortunes."

Passing through the melancholy plain, strewed

with ruins of tombs, monuments, and aqueducts, he reached the Alban Hill, and ascended to the little town of Albano. "This," he said to himself, "is where I was nursed; perhaps the good woman who took care of me then is still alive; perhaps it is one of these old women I see crowding with their pitchers to the fountain."

Anselmo proceeded on through the vine-clad hills of Gensano and La Riccia, slept at the ancient city of Velletri, next morning passed that villainous-looking place Cisterna, and entered on the Pontine Marshes. By a forced march, and the occasional relief of a few miles' ride on a cart, he contrived to reach Terracina that night. On starting next morning he met with two French soldiers, who were also proceeding to Naples, to join Joseph's regiment of guards. With these Anselmo went on, passing unhealthy Fondi and the mountain of Itri, the old haunt of Frà Diavolo and his band. In ascending through the olive plantations which cover the steep sides of the hill, the French soldiers, who had heard of the ill fame of this spot, went on cautiously, looking right and left, as in an enemy's country. However the brigands had abandoned these their old head-quarters. Our pedestrians slept that night at Mola di Gaeta, passed next day the river Garigliano, and reached the fortress of Capua.

They were now approaching Naples, and Anselmo felt himself on his own ground. The rich plains, the terraced houses, the gilt domes, the deafening noise of the people, the calessi, the maccaroni-venders, the acquajuoli, the display of oranges and lemons—all these are signs that you approach Naples.

Anselmo and his French companions left dingy Capua behind them, and proceeded on to the merry little town of Aversa. There all was life and bustle—a Naples in miniature. The gaudy shops, the gilt sweetmeats—among which the luscious *torrone*, the exclusive boast of Aversa's confectioners, holds the precedence—the maccaroni steaming in the saucepans at the corners of the streets, the acquajuolo, or vender of ice-water, perched upon his ambulatory shop, with the swinging tub of cool pure beverage, and his neat display of glasses and cut lemons spread on vine leaves before him, the ceaseless cries of the venders, the idle loitering porter in the streets, the listless tradesman sitting before his shop; all this is a foretaste of Naples, the abode of dissipation, animal gaiety, and forgetfulness;—Naples, the paradise of the epicure, and the hell of the sentimental traveller. Anselmo was neither one nor the other; he was in a flexible state of mind, ready to take the things of this world as they came—if good, ready to enjoy them; if evil, used to bear them. Yet even for the

unfortunate there are enjoyments in this country which are peculiar to it. The beauty of the sky, the freshness of the air, the liveliness of every thing around, abstract you for a while from painful reflections. With a few grains a man can supply his wants of the day, and enjoy himself to his taste as much as the prince; jostle in the crowd, for here shabbiness of dress is no disparagement; and for a short time fancy himself happy. Thus many people live from day to day in this country; death comes at last, and as it finds their minds already asleep, it has only half a life to sever.

With these thoughts Anselmo arrived at Capo di Chino. Thanks to the lightness of his luggage, he received no obstruction from the Custom-house officers, but was allowed to proceed quietly along the broad and singular-looking range of streets leading to great Toledo. As he passed Foria, he turned to the right,—there was the church of Our Lady of the Angels, the scene of his boyish promenades; there was the steep lane leading to the house where he had spent several years of seclusion and indescribable feelings. But even that home, such as it was, was shut now to him; strangers occupied its well-known apartments; the formal gait of the Maestro di Casa, and the saucy, full face of the footman, were no longer to be seen there; he loitered a moment in the portone, and went on his way. Passing the splendid, but

unfinished, national building of *gli Studj*, he plunged into the maze of Toledo. There he saw the same round, staring, unmeaning faces he recollected in early youth; the same eternal line of carriages and cabriolets, the same noise, and smell, and confusion. He turned instinctively down Monte Oliveto. There he had alighted on his first arrival at Naples, and there he knew he should find some locanda. The very house in which he had lived had become one; he saw the tablet above the door, so he went in, and having been shown into a room, he made some alteration in his attire, and having strengthened himself with a comfortable Neapolitan dinner, he began to think of his future proceedings.

Here Anselmo was in the midst of plenty, but with only a few silver pieces in his pocket, and here he was to endeavour to make those pieces multiply. "It is, at all events, easier," said he to himself, "to do this in a wealthy city than in that sparing, gloomy, distressed old Rome." He expected to find two relations in this very city; one was his own mother, of whom he had not heard for years, and whom he did not know where to look for. The other was his father's relative, whom he recollected having seen in his infancy, and whose address he had obtained at Rome. To him Anselmo directed his first steps.

CHAPTER VII.

De Bree's relative was a senior partner in a mercantile house, then established at Naples. Anselmo had seen him in his father's life-time, when he had come to Naples on business. He was an eccentric but kind-hearted old man, who had seen many vicissitudes in the course of his life, and had thence acquired a sort of apathetic indolent philosophy, which coupled with his extremely frugal and unexpensive habits, made him careless how the world went,—a disposition of the mind which his residence at Naples was calculated to confirm. He lived, however, in apparent affluence, and occupied, with his partners, one floor of a fine palace in the street of Toledo, the titled owner being satisfied with the first floor, or *piano nobile* as it is called. On arriving at the entrance, Anselmo was asked his business by a porter in a gold-laced livery and holding a handsome staff, who was standing before the gate. Anselmo mentioned his relation's name. He was directed

accordingly, and he leaped up the stairs two by two, meeting several pampered lazy menials who eyed him with inquisitive looks, and encountering the gaze of sundry females who were loitering at the inner windows and balconies that looked into the court-yard. Having reached the gallery of the second floor, he saw a door ajar, pushed it open, when the alarm bell gave a jingle that brought an old man-servant, the housemaid and the scullion through different doors into the anti-room. Anselmo was told that his relative was taking his coffee in the drawing-room; he was led through several lofty, handsomely furnished apartments, a spacious *galleria* or saloon adorned with good paintings, and was ushered into the presence of two or three gentlemen, one of whom was reading the *Moniteur*.

Anselmo mentioned his name; at the same moment a little old man came to embrace him. He knew his young relation again. "We expected you," he said, as he introduced Anselmo to his partners, "my friend at Rome had informed me of your coming here. When did you arrive, how did you come, where do you lodge? Anselmo was somewhat reluctant to say *how* he had come in presence of the company; however, he put on a careless air, and told him he had walked *à la militaire*.

Anselmo's relative, after a few more questions, invited him to come and live at his house, until something could be done for him. The next day Anselmo was installed in his new residence. He made inquiries after his mother, of whom he had had no tidings for years past. He was told, that after her misfortunes, she had not been seen for a long period, that her anxiety had brought on a sort of melancholy apathy, that in consequence of the political changes her means had been curtailed, and at last had become so precarious, that she had nothing to depend upon. She wrote to no one, saw no one, lived in a solitary house out of town with only one female servant, never went out of doors, and in this manner she had passed the first year after the French occupation. Some months before Anselmo's arrival at Naples, she had disappeared, and was supposed to have gone to Sicily, where she had some relatives who had followed the old court.

These accounts gave rise to painful feelings in Anselmo's breast; however, he proposed to himself to continue his inquiries as opportunities would present themselves, in order to ascertain his mother's present fate.

Anselmo had a letter from Rome for a man who was understood to have extensive connexions with the upper classes in the Neapolitan capital.

Anfossi was by birth a subject of the Papal government; he had dabbled in the law at Rome, in the employment of some *Curiale* of notoriety, and had thereby improved that natural taste for intrigue for which that class of his countrymen are renowned. He had come to Naples in the suite of an elderly marchesa, a sort of learned lady, who was very intimate with Queen Caroline, and initiated therefore in the recondite mysteries of her court. Anfossi was her secretary, a general appellation, which imposed upon him the obligation of serving her mistress in all her cabals, whether in the court of Cupid, Apollo, or Mercury. At the epoch of the second French invasion, his mistress suddenly left Naples for Sicily, and being unable to take Anfossi with her in her exile, she left him recommended to several of her own coterie, who, being less known for royalism, and less disposed to become martyrs of opinion, thought it more prudent to remain in the capital and look on future events, ready to offer their allegiance to either of the two dynasties, Napoleon or Bourbon, as the scales of fortune would turn on one side or the other. Anfossi was now paying his court regularly to these families, and he transacted their litigious business, with which all the Neapolitan nobility are amply burdened, in the capacity of procureur, or attorney.

By these means he contrived to keep up an appearance of respectability, and even of importance; his lodgings were frequently resorted to by lawyers and clients; he had free access to the tables of several noblemen, and there had an opportunity of scanning the turn of public opinion, and of private sentiments. This information, as Anselmo afterwards found, Anfossi made subservient to further views, which soared above his present condition.

Anfossi was attached to the old court by habits and association of ideas. He did not trouble his head about abstract political principles—he looked to realities. He had begun his career under the old sovereign, had earned his subsistence with, and was under obligations to, persons attached to the old court, therefore he naturally followed the same bias. If he allowed himself to speculate upon the political changes of the south of Italy, he did not find much to shake these prepossessions. At the epoch we are speaking of, Naples was worse administered than it had ever been at any time under the old dynasty.

After the horrors of 1799, a little rest was granted to that distracted country—but it was not of long duration. In consequence of the victory of Marengo, the French government, now in the hands of one individual, determined, self-willed,

and entirely concentrated in his own recondite plans, had decided the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty of Naples. Bonaparte knew the weakness both physical and moral of that court, as well as of all the secondary courts of Europe; and he relied upon its well-known propensities and ancient rancour for opportunities to enable him to give it the final blow. All powers of the second class in Europe must either become his slaves, and depend for their existence on the nod of his head, and their princes come and dance attendance upon him in the halls of the Tuileries; or if prevented by a sense of dignity from thus prostituting themselves, they must be swept away from the Continent. Ferdinand of Naples, with all his indolence and plainness, had that in him which would prevent him from entirely forgetting his station; he was of a different mettle from his brother Charles of Spain; he was a king, although a king of the Lazzaroni, as some French writers would have it,—still a king, and this has been attested by those who have had opportunities of knowing him. Ferdinand had besides a strong natural sense, whenever he chose to use it; and the injustice of Bonaparte's pretensions was so evident in his case, that he could not but feel irritated at it. For the very reason of his not having feelings so acute as his consort Caroline, he was less likely to be influenced

by artifice; his plain blunt sense was a stumbling-block against the intrigues of the Tuileries. This difference in their characters made, in after years, Caroline, with all her rancorous hatred against the French, condescend to listen to their underhand proposals; while her straight-forward husband always looked for the recovery of his kingdom to that which he considered his right, and to the turn of the fortune of arms, and this was afterwards elucidated while they were in Sicily.

Bonaparte began by insisting on the occupation of some of the most important provinces of the kingdom of Naples by his troops, as a guarantee of the future behaviour of that court. By the treaty of peace of 1801, the King of Naples gave up his part of the Island of Elba, including the fortress of Porto Longone, and also those lands which he possessed on the coast of Tuscany, called Lo Stato de' Presidj. But although, by the subsequent treaty of Amiens, it was stipulated that the French troops should evacuate the kingdom of Naples, yet they continued for several years to occupy the provinces of Puglia and the eastern coast of the kingdom, and the Neapolitan Government was charged with their support. To a treasury already impoverished by the former unsuccessful war, by the expenses of the reconquest,

by the subsidies paid to the allied troops, by the disorganization of intervening anarchy, and by the peculations of the agents and chiefs of both parties, this additional burden was most heavy, and the humiliation peculiarly galling. The country of course suffered from it. The French did not interfere in the civil administration of the country, or if they did, it was only for partial purposes relative to their own advantage, or that of their partisans. It was that sort of *imperium in imperio* which must always be injurious to a country.

The occupation lasted till September, 1805, when a new treaty of neutrality was stipulated at Paris between the Neapolitan ambassador and the French minister. Bonaparte was then on the eve of a war with Austria and Russia, and it behoved him to detach as many of the other sovereigns as he could from the new coalition. The kingdom of the two Sicilies was declared neutral, and the French troops evacuated the country. But this was a treaty transacted between weakness and fear, and could not last beyond the expediency of the moment. In November, a Russian and English united fleet, with about fifteen thousand troops on board, anchored in the bay of Naples. Upon this the French minister immediately prepared to quit the kingdom, and it was evident that a new invasion would be the consequence. The Russians

and English landed, and marched to the frontiers; but in the meanwhile the famous battle of Austerlitz decided the fate of the campaign, the Russian armies returned within their territories in consequence of the treaty between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria, and on the 26th of December an aid-de-camp of Alexander arrived at Naples with the order for the Russian division to return home. The English troops being left alone, and in a small number, were also withdrawn from the kingdom; and the court of Naples, always too soon or too late in its military operations, found itself left to its fate. The French were marching upon Naples. Ferdinand embarked again for Palermo, and soon after the queen followed him. On the 15th of February, 1806, the French entered Naples. The Neapolitan troops attempted to make a stand on the frontiers of Calabria, but were defeated at Campotanese; the remainder made the best of their way to Sicily. Shortly after, Joseph Bonaparte was appointed by his brother King of Naples, and made his solemn entry into the capital.

The insurrectionary war in Calabria, the occupation by the Anglo-Sicilians of the islands of Capri and of Ponza in sight of the Neapolitan shores, the intrigues of the emissaries of the court of Palermo, the ancient hatred of the lower classes

against the French, the new taxes—all these causes kept the mind of the people in the capital in a state of feverish anxiety. Conspiracies were hatched, but soon discovered, and many individuals were put to death; among those who were executed for their efforts in favour of the Bourbons were persons of rank; Colonel Rodio, the Marquis Palmieri, the Duke Frammarino, and the Chevalier Talamo. At the execution of the Marquis Palmieri and three other individuals, which took place on the Place del Castello, the people having been alarmed by the report of an attempt to rescue, began to fly away in all directions—the cry of *fuite* was heard repeated among the crowd, and the cavalry increased the confusion by charging among the motley multitude, and following them up in the narrow long streets that lead from that quarter towards Toledo, by which means many individuals were killed or severely wounded.

A system of terrorism seemed to prevail in the councils. Joseph's ministers, and Saliceti above the rest, kept the new king in a state of continual alarm by reports of conspiracies, and in consequence of this, and under the pretence of expediency, they ruled the country according to their will. Peremptory orders from Paris were also frequently received, which demanded unmodified compliance; and the new king, it may be sup-

posed, had as little share in the affairs of government as ever Ferdinand himself had had. In this particular, therefore, things had only changed names. Such was the state of Naples at the close of 1807.

Anselmo was advised, in order to subdue entirely his fever, which had now been annoying him for more than twelve months, to remove from Naples into the country. He went to the neighbourhood of Caserta, where his relation had some acquaintance. There, in the skirts of the plains of Campania, at the foot of the lowest ridge of the Apennines, the cool balmy mountain breeze, the wholesome country diet, the absence of the noise, wretchedness, and tumult of the city, completely recovered the invalid. The habits of the country people were friendly, sociable, and hospitable. They lived upon their corn, their oil, their wine, their fruit, and they lived comfortably—Nature was still the same liberal mother to them. They little concerned themselves in the political events of the kingdom, and had the new government been more sparing of laying burdens on them, they would have become reconciled to it. But the sight of ruling strangers, of officers, commissaries, inspectors, receivers, foreign to their manners and habits, who were mostly unable to make themselves understood, and swore at the Neapolitans for not understanding French,—who

came and taxed their fields and their houses, made love to their women, and laughed at their saints; all this did not tend to conciliate the minds of the Neapolitan provincials. However, in the provinces near the capital, in the plains of Campania, they were quiet, ate their maccaroni, and their *minestra verde*, or cabbage soup; they played at cards in the evening, and "left the world to chance."

Buffalo fights form one of the amusements of the country towns. A rude wooden barrier is placed round the square at the several issues, and the animal is let into the open area and chased by hunters and dogs. Sometimes the enraged brute leaps over, or breaks through the barriers, and charges the crowded spectators. The buffalo is a sluggish, sulky animal, but when irritated it is very obstinate in its revenge; its strength lies in its forehead, which is of an astonishing hardness, and might be compared to a battering-ram—it knocks down its enemy, and then kneels upon him, and unless forced away, continues to batter down the prostrated wretch until the latter breathes no more.

Anselmo went to see the palace of Caserta. This superb building, this memorial of the prosperous times of Charles III stands in solitary grandeur in the midst of a plain, about fourteen

miles from Naples; it is almost too magnificent for the Sovereign of a small kingdom like this. At that time it was neglected by the new court, and its giant wings spread out unfinished, with their frameless windows, unraised pillars, and walled-up doors. The interior, however,—the splendid staircase, the state apartments, the theatre—all were rich, even to profusion. But, except a few old servants, the place looked desolate; it was a marble wilderness. The footsteps of the visitors resounded faintly along the vaults; there was an air of chilness and forlornness, always more distressing in a palace than in a cottage. From the palace Anselmo proceeded to the gardens, the delightful groves and the bubbling waters of which would lull asleep every sad reverie.

After wandering several weeks in the delightful neighbourhood of Caserta, and near the banks of the lazy Volturno, and having recruited his health with the bracing cool air of the country, Anselmo returned to the house of his relative at Naples.

It was not an easy task for Anselmo to persuade his relative of the expediency of his finding some lucrative employment, and that it was not advisable for him to linger away months and years on the mere hospitality, however willingly afforded, of a relation. The old man troubled his head but little about futurity, and did not seem clearly to

see why young Anselmo should. At last, by an extraordinary effort, he was roused from his apathy, and began to put himself in motion for the object required. He took information on the subject. Among the infinitesimal subdivisions of offices which the French introduced at Naples, as well as everywhere else they went, it was not absolutely difficult for a young man, who understood the two languages, to obtain a situation of some sort or other; but most of these places were precarious, and the salary barely enough to keep body and soul together, and often irregularly paid. This was especially the case in a country newly conquered, like Naples, where the new organization was continually proceeding, and new alterations taking place, in consequence of fresh orders from Paris. The new forms, although supported by bayonets, found obstacles; the new custom-house tariff, the stamp, the register, and above all the land-tax, which fell very heavy on the proprietors at a time when, from the annihilation of maritime commerce, the agricultural riches of the country found no vent; all these novelties took years in their establishment. Situations there were appendant on the French army, in the commissariat, hospitals, *&c.*; but the accounts of them which Anselmo's relative brought home and generally delivered at dinner,

were any thing but encouraging. One man employed in the magazines received no salary for several months; when he applied to his principal, he obtained an evasive answer in return; at last, having mentioned his embarrassment to some of his fellow employés, he was told that he must look for his emoluments to the douceurs he could get from the persons who supplied the stores with provisions, and that he might make a good business of it, if he came to a proper understanding with them. Another man obtained an employment in the superintendence of the military hospitals, and after remaining in it twelve months, a change of inspectors having taken place, he was turned out. He then went to his protector, who had obtained him his situation, when the latter observed significantly, that he had had time to make a handsome provision for himself; the young man replied, that he had received nothing but his salary, which was barely sufficient for his maintenance; at which the old employé replied, with a sneer, that he was an imbecile, and was not fit for his employment. These and many other similar stories were subjects of common conversation. Great dilapidations occurred in the departments connected with the army. Commissaries made rapid fortunes, upon which they retired after a few years' service, and their sub-

alterns endeavoured to imitate them; the conquered nations paid for the whole. Anselmo's relative obtained an introduction to the treasury officers; he might have succeeded, but having gone himself one morning, he came back quite dismayed by the appearance of the people he was introduced to; he said he thought himself in a den of banditti. The good, regular-paced man, was not used to the tone of the conquerors. Every thought of obtaining an employment for Anselmo was given up for the present, and the young man was left to an irksome state of leisure.

Anselmo visited now and then at the house of his new-made acquaintance, Anfossi, where he met many visitors, chiefly Neapolitans of the old school. There the conversation was carried on in that sort of half inuendo pantomimic style, in which the Italians have long since learnt to give vent to their spleen, without actually committing themselves, should a concealed spy, an occurrence by no means rare, be lurking in the company. With the most careless air, but with a well-timed emphasis on a particular word, and a peculiar tone, of which the Italian is so well susceptible, in words so wrapped up in figure, or veiled by allusion and proverbial idioms, that none but a thorough-bred native can understand, they say the keenest things, and defy all the ingenuity of

political inquisitors to bring a treasonable meaning home to them. They enjoy thus the double pleasure of laughing at, and abusing at the same time, their powerful enemies; it is a triumph of many little passions over physical, overbearing power.

The manners of the new court afforded the Neapolitans ample matter for sarcasm. The establishment of the *cacciatrici*, or troop of sporting ladies, mostly of rank, who accompanied King Joseph and his court in their hunting parties, and in their fêtes in the shady groves of Capo di Monte, was a great source of merriment to the Bourbonists. Scandal was busy at work, and appearances seemed to favour scandal. "Our court," said one of Anfossi's guests, "is not like the old. Then we heard of intrigues and all this sort of thing carried on with a certain mystery; but now we are so innocent, so much above scandal, that we defy the broad light of day to find fault with our actions. The golden age is returned. Shepherds and shepherdesses, hunters and cacciatrici, all mix together in the joyous field—together they court the pale light of Diana, in the pure simplicity of nature—but no harm is done; no, we are all platonics now, under the fortieth degree of latitude, in sight of Capri, and on the shores of Bajæ!"

"And yet, who would believe it?" replied

another—"some of these fierce conquerors, these men of plunder, and blood, and violence, have brought with them an infectious sentimentality which they have communicated to our women—to our women who, good creatures, were before this at least, with all their faults, plain, straight-forward, matter-of-fact females. But now they weep, and sigh, and moan over a withered flower, or a departed friend,—a dead poodle, or an inconstant lover,—and this while thousands are butchered every day by the men *à moustaches*—the comrades of our *hommes sensibles*. One of these destroyed himself the other day in the Ionian Islands, by leaping down a cliff, and left a letter to his Pylades, full of lamentations about the *neant*, and the *ennui de la vie*, and so forth. Really, they are a set of madmen, *pazzi da catena*. But their mystification of our once jolly Neapolitan women, I really cannot forgive them that."

"Don't fear," said the other; "our women are not all so spiritualized. The band of the Cacciatrici . . . ."

"Again, Don Guglielmo. Hush! *Zitto per carità*. Let honest folks have their pastimes. The cares of government are not now what they were in the old gothic times; now our Sovereigns and Ministers do not idle as the others did; they

are continually watching for our welfare by day, let them have their recreation by night."

The dialogue then was often carried on in a broad licentious tone, which is the sin of Neapolitan conversation, and which cannot be translated in a foreign tongue.

At other times the conversation took a more serious turn, especially when the horrors of Calabria formed the subject. Persons returning from those devastated regions brought to Naples harrowing accounts.

"So, *our* government is determined to conquer the refractory spirit of those Calabrian brigands, who are so unreasonable as to wish to be ruled according to the old antiquated forms. It is true, that in those barbarous times they paid less taxes, but they must bear the expenses of their civilization."

"Perhaps they had rather remain barbarous and live, than be civilized and killed."

"But they must be civilized, at any cost, and for this reason we send them dragoons and gendarmes. They must learn to appreciate the honour of being the Allies of the first people in Europe; they and their generation will suffer, but posterity will bless the happy change. We must live and die for posterity, gentlemen, so the emperor says."

"Poor creatures! and what must become of their wives and children?"

"Oh, the French soldiers will take care of the former, never fear; and the children will be brought up to take their turn one day, and serve the cause of civilization against the enemies of the Continent."

"You seem to have studied the bulletins, Don Girolamo."

"Oh, I know them by heart. It is a soul-lifting lecture. What strength of reasoning, what force of style, and above all, what pathos! Do you recollect the affecting address of the emperor to the senate, before the campaign of Austerlitz, in which, after throwing all the blame of the war upon the Allies, and compassionating the abyss of misery into which Austria was drawn by Russia and England, he weeps over the imminent calamities of war, and the blood which it will cost Europe, but consoles himself with the thought, that the French name will derive a new lustre from it! How could the French resist such touching sympathy! Gentlemen, gentlemen, we live in glorious times!"

"Well," said another, "but I wish they would pay a little more regularly the scanty pensions they have assigned on the grand livre to the poor monks and nuns. Those poor people must live. When

they entered the convent, it was not considered a crime to do so. Let them live, and then have no fresh recruits."

"Mere vermin," replied the inexorable Don Girolamo. "What do we care about a few ignorant fanatical old people. They are a burden to society. They are not fit to be soldiers; what is the use of feeding them!"

"But many of them are not old, Don Girolamo; I have a brother who was a benedictine at Monte Casino, and he is now entirely on my shoulders. They have appointed him six ducats a month, but he has not received a grain the last two quarters."

"Money is required to carry on the war in Calabria, I tell you. We must not prize individual man so much. Our thoughts, our cares, must be for the millions, and not for the units. What are men, but earthen jars, that are made to be broken; a little sooner, a little later that this happens, what boots it, if for the use of others? Do you count the worms and insects your foot crushes in the course of a morning walk? The multitude must be directed, fashioned by a few men of genius—a few shining men who have outstripped their age."

"Some people might wish these geniuses had rather remained behind."

"That may be, but what is cannot be changed.

What happens is in the course of events, of which man is the instrument."

"The conclusion, is then the old story,

> Ovunque l'occhio osservatore io giro
> Scorticatori e scorticati miro.

"Of course, and therefore, rather than be flayed, you must be one of the flayers."

Thus they went on at Anfossi's parties, when they thought themselves in safe company; for with regard to Anselmo Anfossi himself answered, and he trusted in his discretion.

The annual return of the festivities of Christmas and twelfth-day, and the gaieties of the carnival, came to cheer up the good people of Naples. They ate, and laughed, and roared, and made merry, as they had done under Ferdinand. Enormous dinners and suppers were provided in every family above absolute want, and seasoned, if not with taste and elegance, at least with tumultuous merriment. Anselmo was of several of these truly Neapolitan parties, and he was cheered by the joviality and profusion of his hosts. The house of Anselmo's relative was kept in a foreign style, and was frequented by several French officers and civilians who were recommended to the firm. These people, in the openness of conviviality, gave often vent to their real sentiments. They saw the

precariousness of their present tenure, and they confessed that the system pursued was calculated to alienate more and more the minds of the people. But they threw the blame on their government, whose orders they must obey; they were determined to enjoy the present, come what will at the end. Naples offered one harvest, Portugal another, the turn of Spain would come, and after . . . "And after we will go somewhere else—the world is wide enough." This was said with that nonchalance and that air of ingenuity which forces one to smile at what in itself is far from laughable. The military who were returning from Calabria, spoke of their mode of living in that half destroyed country, and of their military pastimes at San Lorenzo, à Padule, and other places. Some of the scenes they related, were in the style of the bacchanalian orgies; and when placed in juxtaposition with the deeds of blood, the burnings, pillage, and executions which took place in the neighbourhood, they formed a complex too fearful to be dwelt upon.

Anselmo was some time without calling at Anfossi's. One fine morning in the spring, that his reflections had weighed more heavily than usual over his mind, he went out towards the Marina of Chiaja to inhale the sea-breeze and cheer his eyes with the prospect of nature. But

even there he met sights which made him fall back upon his gloomy meditations. He saw that display of dissipation and luxury which is always galling to a distressed mind. But the features of Neapolitan fashionable life were then more than usually repulsive. The remaining wealth of the country seemed to have flown into the hands of foreign squanderers, officers, and commissaries, and a swarm of employés of various nations, who had followed the French army like a ravenous tribe, fattening on the resources of the land. No measure was kept by these men—they laughed at the misery they had produced, and their dissipation was barefaced, boisterous, and unfeeling. Many of them indulged in scenes of licentiousness and depravity, the victims of which were easily supplied, by the wretchedness and craving want with which many families once respectable had been assailed. Of all sights in a conquered country, the most harrowing is to see the insulting invader dallying with the wives, and sisters, and daughters of those he has brought to ruin; feasting, by means of usurped power, or of the gold robbed from that very country, on the frailty or necessities of its females. That is an insult, which a man who has common spirit seldom forgives—it is an insult to which Germany, Italy, and Spain, were long subject by their overbearing conquerors.

Anselmo was thus musing as he passed along one of the side avenues of the villa, when he heard himself called by name, and turning, he saw Anfossi's piercing eyes fixed on him with a mixed expression which he could not well define. Italian countenances, expressive as they are, are not such a legible book as foreigners imagine—there may be in them a clear expression of some general passion, such as impatience, wrath, covetousness, or sympathy; but the particular workings of the mind on a peculiar subject, this remains hidden in depths far beyond the surface of the features.

Caro il nostro Signor Don Anselmo, Anfossi exclaimed in accosting him; "what fortunate chance is this that brings me here to meet you? It is so long since you have favoured me with your presence, that I began to think you had left our delightful Parthenope." This was said with a slight jeering expression, and Anselmo wondered what this exordium would lead to. He was acquainted with the unmeaning pompous complimental style of the Neapolitan barristers, but he had seldom heard Anfossi employ the jargon, especially towards him, a young man of no station in life.

"Signor Anfossi, I am ashamed of having been so long without calling at your house, but I knew your numerous occupations, and I was afraid my

presence would be rather a *seccatura*, our lines of life are so utterly diverging from one another."

"Not so much as you think," said Anfossi, in a low tone of voice, and with a significant look; "and I have long wished that we should understand each other better. But," looking cautiously around, "this is not a fit place for colloquial intercourse; come with me to a friend's house here at the Vomero, and we will talk more at liberty. Are you at leisure?"

"Perfectly so; indeed too much so, I could say, if it were not for the circumstance of our present meeting."

Anfossi bowed, and taking his arm, they proceeded towards one of the lateral gates of the villa. At this moment a detachment of horsemen were seen approaching at full gallop, with sabres drawn, clearing the wide Marina of the humble pedestrians, and ordering the carriages to stop in line.

"It is our gracious Sovereign," said Anfossi; and immediately after a splendid open barouche drove along, followed by three or four other carriages. In the barouche was King Joseph, with two officers, seated facing him; in the following carriages was the flower of the Patrician beauty of Naples, the favourite ladies of the court, who glittered in its sunshine while it lasted.

"There they go, a truly kingly retinue," said Anfossi. "It is a pleasant life to come from Ajaccio to rule over this fine land, and be courted by the ladies of our noblemen. Do you know the farce of Polcinella Re in Sogno, a popular burlesque of the Neapolitan minor theatres, in which Polcinella is transported while drunk asleep to the palace of a king, and finds himself on awakening installed into the royal office?"

Anselmo said nothing; he was alarmed at Anfossi's unusual freedom. They crossed the Marina, and ascending a retired lane leading up the hill towards the Vomero, they crossed the road which leads towards the village of Posilipo, and descended to the opposite side of the hill, which faces Camaldoli.

CHAPTER VIII.

The house to which Anselmo was led by his comrade stood on the hill of Vomero, near the path that leads to the village of Soccavo, and towards the flat country on the other side of the hills which encircle Naples to the westward. It looked like a comfortable masseria or farm; it was surrounded by vine plantations, so as not to be conspicuous from the main road; but it had a full command of the slope behind and of the valley below, on the other side of which rose the lofty hill of Camaldoli.

Anfossi lifted the latch of the outer gate, which he shut and bolted carefully after. He then whistled, and as he and his friend advanced under the pergolato, or arbour, formed by the festooned vines, towards the house, they were greeted by some person, whom Anselmo could not see, but who called out, "Welcome, Don Peppe" (Anfossi's Christian name). The man emerged presently from behind a tree, and stood before them

at the foot of the outer staircase which led to the upper floor of the habitation. He was dressed as a countryman, and Anselmo supposed him to be the farmer or tenant of the masseria. He talked familiarly to Anfossi, and as they entered the front room, took out of a cupboard glasses and an earthen jug, which he filled from a cask that stood by, with light white wine, a pleasing beverage after a noontide walk up the hill of Vomero. After some desultory conversation, the farmer went out of the room, and left Anfossi alone with his young friend.

"Well, Don Anselmo," said the former, "I have brought you all this way to this masseria that we might talk together undisturbed. Our Naples, once so gay and so free, is now haunted by so many eavesdroppers that one is afraid of speaking freely to a friend, for fear of being reported to Saliceti. Before these unfortunate revolutions, under the ancient government, absolute as it was, the Neapolitans were used to speak their minds freely, with their wonted garrulity, upon any subject, and thus they vented their spleen harmlessly, and nobody dreamt of conspiracies or rebellion. Now that we have a police, of which our good fathers had no idea, we hear nothing else but plots, arrests, trials for sedition,

and executions; and this is miscalled the *vigilance* of the new Government. This is one of the improvements it has brought to us."

"Really," said Anselmo, "Naples does not appear to be the same cheerful place that I recollect to have seen it, though then a mere child, at least before the calamitous 1799."

"See," said Anfossi, "see, my dear Don Anselmo, to what a wretched condition we are reduced. We are the slaves of France, without sharing its power or its consequence; we have the image of a king, a foreign king, a sort of prefect; French generals, French residents rule absolutely at Naples; the least of the French soldiers insults in the streets our quiet Neapolitan citizens, if they happen to be in his way; they seduce, abuse, and slander our women. Saliceti, a foreign revolutionist, now in the employment of despotism, is the lord of Naples; and then we are taunted with our former king and queen, and favourites, whom these intruders describe as an oppressive, profligate, perfidious court. 'Mutato nomine de te,' we might reply. In the provinces it is still worse. Your heart would bleed were you to see the havoc that has been made among our poor peasantry. In the two Calabrias, among a wild but generous people, who from their neighbourhood to Sicily, from the proximity of their old king, from the presence of

his flag and armies, have been induced to cling still to Ferdinand, believing it to be their duty, and who would, perhaps, have been, on the first turn of affairs, treated as rebels, had they submitted to the French; in the Calabrias, for the last two years, a most desperate conflict has been going on. One of our best officers, the gallant Rodio—he who made a stand before a superior French force—he who still kept the field for his king in the remote province of Basilicata—he was at last taken prisoner with arms in his hands. He was a regular commissioned and superior officer, serving his king, defending his country against foreign invaders—what was he but a prisoner of war? He was, however, tried by a military commission, who, to their honour be it spoken, discharged him; but his implacable enemies appointed a second court; Rodio was taken before it in the dead of night; the sentence——I need not tell you. The brave Rodio was executed, to the dismay of all Naples. Is it not mockery, cruel mockery, after this and a hundred other acts of oppression, to talk of the tyranny of the old government? What did the old government do worse than this? The audacious Fra Diavolo was a chief of insurgents; his troop had committed excesses in 1799 and in 1806; as such his death was not unexpected: yet policy and genero-

sity might have spared him, considering the infamous way he was betrayed when forlorn and desolate, though not disheartened. He was wandering through the mountains of the Principato, and was betrayed by a friend in whom he confided, of whom he had asked hospitality; they made him pass before the palace of Portici, before his death, to satisfy the idle, insulting curiosity of our foreign rulers. He had been, after all, fighting in obedience to his king's orders. But Rodio was a regular officer, he was on the staff of his king, in communication with the court of Sicily, receiving their orders, and doing his best to obey them,—and yet they executed him as a criminal! And Palmieri, Talamo, and so many other victims?"

"I can understand the fear of conspiracies with which the new king is surrounded and threatened every moment."

"You do not yet know," said Anfossi, "the real mystery of those conspiracies. Poor Anselmo, thou art but young! Know that many of these terrible conspiracies have been framed in the office of police itself. . . . But no more of this just now. Let us speak of what concerns you. I believe you don't intend to remain for ever in your present state of forced leisure?"

"No, indeed! and I think I shall decide upon leaving Italy once more and for ever."

"Well! and I think the sooner you do it the better. This is no place for a young man. The French are spreading their dominion over the country further and further every day; Tuscany has already fallen into their grasp, and Rome will be next. Then the system of Napoleon will extend paramount from the Alps to the straits of Scylla; and then the only chance you have will be to be presented with a firelock, and marched off to some of the extremities of Europe, to Spain, or to Poland, to add one more to the millions that have left their bones in distant lands to support an unnatural, universal despotism."

Anselmo testified his abhorrence to the threatened lot.

"Then, my young friend, take advice and leave these shores as soon as you can. You have been already in Sicily; go there once more, and with more effectual recommendations."

"But how, and who is to afford me the introductions you speak of? There is danger in the very idea of going from hence to Sicily."

"Perhaps I may procure valuable introductions for you; I may, perhaps, place you in a situation to render some services to persons in credit there, which will ensure you a good reception. You cannot get a ship here direct for Sicily, but Capri is near—you understand me?" And here Anfossi

fixed his searching eyes on Anselmo's countenance. The latter showed a slight mark of surprise, mixed with satisfaction and open confidence at the same time. Anfossi was an experienced observer of physiognomy, and he felt reassured.

Anselmo was in some measure prepared, from several hints previously received from Anfossi, for a similar communication. He repeated he wished to leave Italy; that as he was not a subject of France he considered he had a full right to do so, and he should be glad of an opportunity. Anfossi replied, that he would think of it, and let him know in a very short time; recommending him secrecy, of the necessity of which Anselmo was perfectly aware.

Anfossi took his young friend down into the vineyard and the other adjacent grounds belonging to the masseria. They again met the farmer, who told Anfossi the maccaroni would be soon ready, and that his friend Si Girolamo had promised to come at two. They took several turns in the grounds, and on their return they found the table laid for dinner in the upper room of the house, and the expected Girolamo there with another person. These greeted Anfossi, and he having mentioned to them Anselmo's name, and whispered something in their ears, they soon became all acquainted.

The two new comers were dressed in the style of comfortable Neapolitan farmers, with velveteen jackets, low-crowned broad-brimmed hats, and large silver-buckled shoes. Yet there appeared to Anselmo to be something forced in the carelessness of their dress, and not quite consistent with their language and manners.

They sat down round an enormous tureen of maccaroni, dressed in the true Neapolitan style, only half boiled, *verdi verdi*, as they call it, with *cacio cavallo* and the rich brown gravy of the ragu. The tureen was soon emptied, and another followed it on the hospitable board. After this came a breast of veal, which the farmer assured them was real Sorrentino, and a pie of *provole*, a kind of rich new cheese. The wines were white Ischia, and red Piedemonte.

" This is what I call true Neapolitan fare. Viva Napoli after all; I could not get a decent dish of maccaroni all the time I was in Sicily." Anfossi whispered to Anselmo that Si Girolamo had gone to Sicily with his landlord the Prince of . . . ., and had lately obtained permission to return to his native country.

" What sort of fare had you there ?" said Anfossi.

" Why half Saracen, half English. They talk of nothing now but of rosbiff, and bifstec, and

pudino, just as your Neapolitan coxcombs have learnt to eat fricassees and omelettes from our masters. But there is nothing like good substantial Neapolitan fare, after all."

"I think," said Anfossi, "there is something very national in the fare of the different countries."

"No doubt; it forms part of their character," replied Si Girolamo.

"And how do they live in Sicily? Are the English gentlemen very gay there? Do they expect a visit from us?"

"They seem not to think of it in the least. The Sicilians live just as if they were in times of profound peace. Lucky dogs! to be guarded as they are by the English! As for the latter, they are there in comfortable quarters, live well, drink plenty of good wine, and make love to the Sicilian lasses, as if Napoleon or our King Joseph had never existed."

"The English are a singular nation," said Anfossi. "They are a very brave and honourable people, but at the same time extremely odd and light-hearted, *disinvolti*."

"They take things very coolly; it is true that, at the worst, it is not their own country that will suffer, but it is rather provoking to hear some of

them talk to our faces in praise of Napoleon, boast of his wise laws and improvements, while they are all the while fighting to oppose him. It seems a glaring incoherence."

"There are two opposite springs which influence men," said Si. Girolamo's companion, who had hardly till then opened his mouth, but who appeared by his accent to be a Calabrian. "French and English, Austrians and Russians, and even Turks, all have come into our lands to give us advice, assistance, and instruction; each of these has in turns excited us to take up arms against the others, and the result has been—what we see. Look at Calabria, and see the whole of those fine provinces burnt, pillaged, ravaged, and yet not conquered; the French and their friends have cleared the open country; they have destroyed thousands and thousands, either in the field or by executions, and the Bourbonists on their side occupy the mountains and the fastnesses, from which they issue, and kill all those they find scattered and divided. Relations are in arms against relations—village against village. I have seen some of our rivers choked up with dead bodies—their waters literally reddened with blood, and stained for miles, and to their very mouths into the sea; and to what purpose is all this? for there has never

been any plan concerted so as to insure success. This maddens me. Why encourage poor people to revolt, give them arms and ammunition, and then leave them to be destroyed piecemeal by the invader? And yet this is what people from Sicily have been doing the last two years, and are still doing in Calabria. The French talk openly of exterminating those miserable countries—of destroying the disaffected population—of burning the rest of the towns, and of making Calabria what they call a new country. As for me, I care but little for one party or the other, but I think it very hard that we cannot be left to ourselves, and be ruled as we have been for ages. It is a hard case; what do you say of it, our young friend?"

"It is indeed," replied Anselmo, "and the worst of it is, I don't see any prospect of its termination."

"There is nothing impossible, young gentleman," said Si Girolamo. Here the friends arose, and Anfossi went out of the room with Si Girolamo, leaving Anselmo with the massaro.

On their return homewards, Anfossi told his young friend that in a few days, at the utmost a few weeks, he would let him know something positive about his projected departure for Sicily. "There may be, as you suppose, a little danger," said he, "in the attempt; but less for you,

who are not a native of this country. Meantime secrecy," and he put his finger across his mouth; "secrecy—not a soul must you tell of this."

"But my relative—I cannot go without taking leave of him." "Your relative," said Anfossi, "whom I know very well, is a good man, but he is a philosopher *sui generis*—he is not a man of this world—he has been, and will be kind to you as long as you are in his sight, but he will care very little where you go when you leave him. His partners are not very partial to you, and even his favourite valet-de-chambre, who does what he likes with him, is jealous of you, and probably deterred him from exerting himself successfully for you, to find you a regular employment that should detain you at Naples. For the same reason, you have never been encouraged in the counting-house. Young relatives are not liked by those who have already acquired a complete influence over an old man's actions. Do you not know that, Don Anselmo? The domestic world conceals as much intrigue and treachery as the political; and while men trouble their heads so much about the abuses of the latter, they very seldom talk of correcting those of the former."

"I have had already some suspicion of that,

and I have long since made up my mind to leave Naples. I have told my relative so, and he has not disapproved of it."

"Not he: he will never utter an advice; his indolence shrinks from the responsibility. You might prepare him for your early departure, by telling him you will avail yourself of the company of some travellers who may require you to start with them at a moment's notice. You may rely that he will not trouble you with many questions. You will find him all acquiescence."

"But you seem to know him so well, and yet I never heard him mention your name."

"Never mind, Don Anselmo, I *know* him and you too, perfectly. Do you suppose I would have trusted you so far, spoken to you so confidently, brought you in contact with my friends, if I did not know every thing about you. I know that you can keep a secret, and therefore I trust you."

Anfossi and his young friend parted for the night. They met again after that, repeatedly, at the Vomero, where Anselmo saw the same persons he had met on his first visit there. Si Girolamo was the most assiduous at those meetings, and had long and private conversations with Anfossi, while Anselmo walked with the farmer

about the gardens. One day the whole party proposed an excursion to Cuma.

Anselmo had never been to that celebrated spot. It was said to be dangerous, on account of robbers, who were concealed in the neighbourhood. Si Girolamo laughed at the insinuation. "Never mind," said he, "we have a chance of taking some of them, and so may get the reward from our *vigilant* government." Anfossi pinched Anselmo's arm, and gave him a look of assurance.

They sallied out in the afternoon. They proceeded through by-roads, leaving the lake Agnano on their left, then crossed the valley of the sepulchres, skirted the foot of Monte Barbaro, and found themselves about dusk near the solitary sea-shore, between the rock of Cuma and lake Licoli. Si Girolamo and the farmer, who went in advance, then stopped, whispered a few words to Anfossi, and went, one to the right, and the other to the left. They were soon out of sight. Anfossi accompanied by Titta, Si Girolamo's friend, and Anselmo, rambled about the ruins with which the plain is strewed, until at last they found themselves at the entrance of a cave. The aperture was narrow and obstructed with brambles, which appeared to grow thick from the soil. However, Anfossi removed them without any

difficulty, and crawled first on all fours into the cavern. Anselmo followed, and the other came in last. As they proceeded further in, the cave extended and widened, and at last they found themselves able to walk erect. Anfossi took Anselmo by the hand, and stopped. Their companion struck a light, by which means a wax taper was lighted, which they placed in a nook on the rock.

Anfossi said a few words to Titta, who went further into the cave which wound to the right. A cool breeze seemed to come in from the same direction, and Anselmo thought he could distinguish the noise of the surge of the sea. Anfossi made him a sign to sit down by him on a fragment of the rock which had been detached from the sides of the cave.

"Now," said he, "my young friend, the hour of your departure approaches."

"What! this night, without any thing but the clothes I have on?"

"Never mind, we will provide you with what will procure you clothes and every thing you may want any where. One thing alone is absolutely indispensable in this world. I was not allowed to tell you, beforehand, the night of your setting off. I must sometimes abide by the opinion of others. We are many, engaged in bold and

hazardous undertakings. We are, of course, often of various minds about the means; although we all aim at one object, the deliverance of our country from the yoke of foreigners. But, as I said, we differ about the means. You have heard already enough in our conversations, to show you, that even among four of us, there are men of various sentiments. This must be the case in all associations of this nature. But we are all united to relieve this country from this mockery of a government, this prefect king, and the insolent ferocious myrmidons of his brother."

"But, at the present moment, what hopes can you have?"

"Mind not the present moment; we do not work for the present moment alone. Our work may go on for years, it may be decided on a sudden. Circumstances must start that shall favour our object. We are but a branch of an immensely spreading tree; should this branch be cut off, as many others have been, hundreds, thousands remain. But enough of this. We, *at present*, need support. We are in correspondence with people beyond the sea, whom we must court, humbly court—you understand me. The instructions that they have sent to us require explanation, otherwise, every one of our comrades will interpret them his own way. We want, just now, a man

of trust, that will take some papers over to Sicily, and converse with those to whom they are directed. You were there not long since; you know already some of the very persons with whom we correspond; you will have, therefore, an opportunity to render yourself useful and acceptable. A boat is to be on this coast to-night. It will take you over to Capri, from thence you will proceed to Palermo."

"Well, since it must be so, I suppose, be it so. But let me ask you, Anfossi, how could you think of choosing me for such a commission? I am not one of yours—I am not in your secrets."

"For that very reason, perhaps, I have proposed you, and my friends whom you have seen have agreed with me. Among people engaged in these dangerous transactions, there is little confidence towards each other—the chiefs cannot go themselves, and if we were to give despatches into the hands of one of our inferior fellows, he might be tempted by the hope of a large reward, and sell us all. Besides, they are mostly uneducated people, and a certain information, a certain quickness, are required in a confidential agent. We are obliged to associate with people of all sorts, but especially of the inferior classes, and sentiments of honour are not predominant in such a company. These, however, are the men for *acting*. Their arms are strong, their minds deter-

mined, although their hearts may be gross and vicious. You are of a different cast; you might disapprove of some of our deeds, but you would still more abhor the idea of betraying us, of sacrificing us. There is that in you which will keep you above this. I know you, and your family affairs, and this knowledge has been the foundation of my confidence in you."

Anfossi proceeded, then, to explain to Anselmo how he was to act, and what he was to say, once arrived in Sicily. His instructions let Anselmo into several party secrets of the time. Anselmo was made acquainted with the existence of various factions that were already forming in Southern Italy, all inimical to the French, though not all friendly to the court of Sicily. Anselmo was surprised and interested at all he heard. Meantime, the hours passed on, and the night was far advanced, when Anfossi, in the midst of his discourse, was interrupted by the report of a whistle. A confused noise of suppressed voices, and of something like a scuffle succeeded. It seemed to come from that part of the cave to which Titta had retired, and which, from the air that came in, Anselmo supposed led to another aperture different from that by which they had entered. While Anfossi was drawing Anselmo on one side of the rock, where a projection concealed another

winding passage, Titta rushed in, and snatched a dagger which was concealed under the stone.

"What can be the matter?" said Anfossi.

"Why, we have caught a wolf in the snare while we least expected it, and he mentioned some unintelligible name, but we cannot bring him to be quiet, and I think we must get rid of him. Don't show yourself, Anfossi."

This last advice was needless, for Anfossi, who had been till then so collected, appeared to have been struck by the mysterious words, as if by a thunderbolt. He tottered against the side of the rock, trembling in all his limbs. Anselmo was obliged to support him, to prevent him falling to the ground.

The scuffle meantime continued at the entrance of the cave.

The man, whoever he be, was struggling for his life. Anselmo heard his stifled groans, and he turned to Anfossi, who had come to himself, and was listening in breathless anxiety, holding Anselmo strongly by the hand; the latter said, "I don't like this business, I really don't like it; it is not a fair contest, no! not even fair revenge."

"And how would you have fair revenge while under the grasp of our destroyers? Are we to give them warning of our intentions, that they may hang us quietly on the Largo del Castello?

Believe me, those chivalric notions will not do for the present times. This is an epoch of strife, such as there are few instances of in modern history; the rights of nations, as well as those of individuals, are obliterated; we fight by all the means we can; we are in our own country, and we oppose our invaders, those who have intruded upon us, by artifice where open force fails."

At this moment a loud shriek was heard. Anfossi rushed out, making a motion to Anselmo not to stir. A moment after he returned; his countenance had assumed a ghastly expression. "We could not help it; the man was furious, and our fellows were obliged to strike him in their own defence; he had snatched up his pistol—had he fired it, we should have had the police at our heels. We must leave this place immediately."

"This is dreadful work," said Anselmo.

"Did you know the crimes of that wretch," said Anfossi, "you would not waste your pity on him."

"His crimes, after all, were but political crimes, and really in our days how can we condemn others for following one party rather than another?"

"But there is," said Anfossi earnestly, "there is a line which is drawn by men of character, even in the midst of the excesses of civil war. The

honest partisan wages open war against his antagonists, but does not exult over their miseries—he even spares individuals while he destroys parties, but this wretch enjoyed the desolation he produced. Besides I owed him a long reckoning of a private nature—a reckoning such as I should have been a dastard to have overlooked —a score that nothing but his blood could wash out. Peppina, thou art revenged at last!" These last words were muttered in a tone of concentrated ferocious satisfaction.

Anselmo shuddered, without understanding exactly their import. At the same time three or four savage-looking men rushed in along with Si Girolamo. "Anfossi," said the latter, "we must all depart instantly, and each take a different direction. The boat has not come in sight, the wind is against it. I remain here with our massaro."

"But are you not afraid the police will be here?" said Anfossi.

"Oh! no; our setter is good; it started the prey and led it straight here. The villain did not know where he was going to; he seems to have taken no precautions; no one followed him here. But enough; now go, clear the place, and scatter about. You will know the rest to-morrow."

Anselmo found himself thus unceremoniously

introduced into a company of a most dangerous character. Anfossi, however, explained the circumstances of his friend's situation, and said he would be answerable for his discretion.

"The young gentleman's fears are our best guarantee," said a ruffian-looking fellow. "He must be told what he has to expect if he betrays us. Know then, young man, that you will be watched every hour of your life, and that at the least suspicious step you——:" and then by a significant gesture with his finger across his throat, he illustrated his meaning.

"Now, friends, this is not the way," said Anfossi; "I will rely upon Don Anselmo's honour, but if you choose, in order to bind him still closer, I'll administer to him the oath. He is a Christian."

"Let him swear on the crucifix," cried out the rest.

Anfossi took the image, and made Anselmo swear he would not divulge any thing of what he had heard and seen there; which having been complied with, the party broke up in silence.

Anfossi took Anselmo by a different road across the country towards Bajæ. It was now past midnight, yet as they approached a masseria, they saw lights at the windows, and shortly after the barking of dogs brought in the massaro or farmer, whom Anselmo knew. After some expression of

surprise, which Anfossi satisfied by saying they ad just landed at Bajæ, intending to be early in the morning at the Fusaro, to meet a party of friends who were coming by land, the massaro laid down a paillasse on the ground, on which the two friends threw themselves, and slept a few hours. In the morning they set out to return home by the way of Pozzuoli.

Returning home, Anselmo expressed again to his companion his abhorrence of the deeds of the previous night. Anfossi assured him, with every appearance of truth, that this fatal occurrence took place unexpected by him; that the man was a confidential agent of the police, and had come there on purpose to hunt them out, and was led into the snare himself by a man who was a spy of government, but who acted a double part. That those ruffian-looking men he had seen, and who were posted in different parts, expecting the arrival of the boat from Capri, had thought it a good opportunity to kidnap the police-agent, who was a man long obnoxious to the Bourbonists, and send him over prisoner to Sicily. That he, however, defended himself stoutly, and received several mortal stabs in the scuffle. Meantime the boat not having appeared, it was thought more prudent to break up for the night, and wait

till another opportunity to forward their communications.

"I assure you, Anselmo," said Anfossi, "that I am innocent of the blood of this man; I know him to be a villain, he has brought several of my friends to death, he has done me an injury which nothing can compensate; yet I can swear to you that I would not have imbrued my hands in his blood. But I have told you we are not all of the same way of thinking, and what can I or Don Girolamo, who is of the same opinion as myself, do with a parcel of *fuorusciti*, who are tied with us by the same secret, and who are employed also by people in Sicily? You will not betray me, Don Anselmo; I am certain you will not send me to the scaffold."

"No! but I shall leave this dreadful country as soon as possible, and by the most direct way. I am tired of horrors."

"You will do well, and as a friend I will even engage you to do so. I don't know when we shall be able to arrange another opportunity for communicating with Sicily. You are possessed of a secret on which hang the lives of many. I shall endeavour to persuade our comrades of your honour. But I speak to you plainly; the sooner you leave Naples the better." They were now

near Pozzuoli, and Anfossi advised that it would be better to part. Anselmo proceeded through the town on his way home, and Anfossi went to the left by the road of the sepulchres.

Anselmo, on arriving home, reflected on the strange scenes he had witnessed the night before. He found himself connected, and very unwillingly on his part, with a band of dangerous conspirators, whom he durst not, could not, betray, and yet whose deeds he reprobated. "This is the consequence of a first imprudent step," said he to himself, "and this is the way that many are led to perdition. Had I kept away from Anfossi when I began to suspect his intrigues, I should have no anxiety now."

Anfossi's expressions about his sister Peppina re-awakened in Anselmo's mind certain doubts which he had long strove to expel from it. He had seen her and conversed with her frequently at her brother's, with whom she lived, and had felt for her a sort of passion—the passion which a young man of his age is apt to feel, for the first time, for a young woman whom he likes but respects. His feelings savoured of romance, and there was not for him, especially with his present prospects, the least inducement to hope, nor indeed even the thought of any thing beyond mere friendly conversation. Peppina was then about twenty years

of age. Naturally sprightly and playful as a child, she would at times indulge in social merriment, but then a dark thought seemed to come across her mind, and she would check herself suddenly. Something mysterious there was about her, which interested Anselmo and excited his sympathy. She was kind, friendly to all her brother's visitors, but there was not in her manner the least appearance of partiality for any one.

The sad tale of poor Peppina was, in a few words, the following :—She had been long courted by a man who held a respectable situation under the old government. She loved him, trusted him, and was undone. Still he promised fairly to repair the injury he had done her. When the change of government took place, this man turned with the tide, and became one of the most active agents of the haute police, and the confidant of the Minister. He was of course avoided by most of his former acquaintances, and among the rest by Anfossi. Piqued at this, he not only forgot his promises to Peppina, but had the cruelty to expose her frailty. Anfossi learnt this ; and while he pitied his sister, he swore to revenge himself. With a police-agent, at that time, he could not think of obtaining open satisfaction. He, therefore, waited for an opportunity to entrap him, and he succeeded in the manner that has been seen.

It was Anfossi, who sent a communication to his enemy, by means of a person who was really in the interest of the present government, and who believed all that Anfossi wished. It was not, however, Anfossi's intention to have the man murdered, but to kidnap him, and send him over that night in a boat which was to come on the shore of Cuma, and take the prisoner to Capri, and thence to Sicily. By these means Anfossi would have satisfied his revenge, delivered himself and his companions of a watchful Argus, and procured to the Sicilian government, by means of this man's confessions, important information on the secret measures of that of Naples. But the man's stubborn resistance defeated the latter object, by causing his death, which Anfossi considered as a merited punishment. Cautious as the man was, he was so persuaded of the truth of the story he had been told, and so confident of his own adroitness, that he fell into the snare. Acts of violence and revenge of this sort were not unfrequent in those times. The innocent cause of all this, the poor Peppina, was not apprized of the manner of the death of her betrayer; but she heard of his having died suddenly, and she could not help shedding some tears for him, and ejaculated a wish that he might find forgiveness, as she herself had for-

given him. Anselmo was apprized of this story after Anfossi's death.

A few mornings after, as Anselmo was going to sally out for the library of the Studj, he saw a crowd at the door, and heard people whispering to each other. "They have done for him this time. . . . He has been blown up . . . The king is gone to Caserta with an escort . . . Who would believe such boldness? . . . All this comes from Capri." . . . Anselmo drew near to inquire what had happened? "Happened!" said one, "you must have been sound asleep, young man; why it was a report loud enough to awake the dead!" Still no information was given. At last the porter beckoned to Anselmo, drew him aside, and with a mysterious air, said, "Don't you know Saliceti's palace has been blown up this morning, and his Excellency buried under its ruins. If you walk down to the Marina, you will see with your own eyes."

Anselmo went with the throng of people that pressed down Chiaja towards the sea-side. He thought of Anfossi, and he felt sure that that rash man was in this business. As he arrived at the villa, he saw the devastation of Saliceti's palace. The upper part of the building had sunk in almost entirely; some beams, and part of the

ceiling, remained standing. Those were the apartments of the Minister. The lower part of the house, which had suffered little, was occupied by his daughter, who was married. But had the Minister escaped? This was a question cautiously uttered by some, and answered by none. Anselmo thought he recognised in the crowd some individuals whom he had seen at Anfossi's. He thought one of them looked significantly at him. A sensation of uneasiness spread over his frame. He wished to leave the place, and yet he seemed rivetted to the spot. He avoided looking at the man, yet he thought he felt him draw near him. At last, weary of the painful restraint, he turned suddenly round,—the man stood close by him. "Our friends at the Vomero," whispered he to Anselmo, "advise you to leave Naples, young gentleman, as soon as you can!" and he put a paper in his hands. It was an order for some money to be received at Rome. At the same time, the man disappeared among the crowd.

The day after, Anselmo went early in the morning to walk out along the marina of Chiaja. The day was gloomy and stormy, the wind was from the south, and the angry waves came foaming in endless succession, and beating against the shore. The fishermen were drawing their boats farther inland, and their wives and naked urchins stood

loitering on the beach. Few persons were seen stirring out of their houses in that idle district of the town. No carriage was seen but a solitary calesse or two going to Pozzuoli.

Anselmo went on along the shore, passed the villa, and continued his walk along the Mergellina. He passed the church of our Lady del Parto, and as he approached the palace of Donn' Anna, he saw a calesse standing empty in the road, and further on the left, two or three men on the cliffs which overhang the sea, vociferating and making gestures to some one below. Anselmo ran towards them, and he met the calessieré, or driver, who was now returning to take charge of his vehicle. On asking what had happened, he was told that a galantuomo had engaged him about an hour before at his stand on the Largo del Castello; that he ordered him to drive to Posilipo, which he did; that on arriving about two hundred paces from where they now stood, the galantuomo dismissed him, and gave him a dollar, saying, "Good man, go and drink my health with your wife, if you have got one;" that the man was startled at his liberality as much as at the wildness of his manner, and pretending to go away, stopped a little lower down to watch him, when he saw him get out of the road on the left, ascend one of the cliffs stretching

farthest in the sea, and then joining his hands and raising them, as the man thought, above his head, leap in the abyss below. The man rode back immediately to the spot, but the unfortunate gentleman had disappeared. The calessieré called to some fishermen who were coming along, and who were now endeavouring to trace out the body, but it appeared to no purpose. The sea was deep in that place, and the waves continually receding, had probably carried the unfortunate man far out in the bay. "Poor galantuomo," said the driver, "I shall have a mass said for his soul with his money; perhaps he was out of his mind." And so saying, the driver mounted his calesse, and drove slowly away.

Anselmo was struck with this sad narrative. He looked down from the cliff—he saw only the foam rising in masses from the raging billows, which were roaring in the gulf beneath. The storm was increasing—the sea ran higher and higher—the fishermen had abandoned their hopeless search, and were already in the road on their way homewards. Whoever the hapless victim might be, his fate was sealed under those waves. Anselmo left the spot, pitying the man who, in sight of one of the most lovely scenes of creation, was led by untoward fate and his ungoverned passions, to the rash, fearful deed. "Perhaps,"

thought he, "another victim of these troubled times; some ruined man, who has lost his all in these changes."

On arriving home, Anselmo was told by the servant that a lètter had been brought for him by a person he did not know; there was no address, but the man had said it was for the Signorino Don Anselmo. The seal was black—Anselmo went to his apartment—he knew Anfossi's handwriting, and read as follows:—

"Dear Don Anselmo,

"When you read this, your unfortunate friend will be at rest, and his body out of the sight of treacherous men. I have been betrayed by one whom I considered my best friend. I dare not return to my home, but I am still in time to escape pursuit. I might have avoided them longer, but my means were too much reduced; I have exhausted myself for people who will not bestow a thought on me after I am dead. I have provided for my sister, however. My poor sister, she is the only person for whom I could have lived! Do not attempt to see her—it were dangerous for you. You are safe, but take my advice, and leave this country immediately. The paper you received yesterday was a trifling mark of attention from one who felt a real interest

in your welfare, and who would have rendered you more important services. But you are young, and you will see better times. Adieu; I have written to no one but my sister and you. My other friends have turned out . . . what I knew them to be. Adieu again."

Anselmo, after this melancholy event, resolved on leaving Naples. He shuddered when he thought of Anfossi's fate, and of the dangers he had himself run by being incautiously led into such a dangerous company. Weary of all he had heard and seen of misery, and guilt, and oppression, since he had been in this country—seeing clearly that no further prospect of employment was held out by his relative, and having lately received openings from some friends in Tuscany, who promised to interest themselves sincerely and actively in his behalf, he communicated to his relative his intention to leave Naples, to which the other did not object, but replied with his wonted calm indifference, that he wished him well whereever he went; after which Anselmo took a place in a vetturino, and set off for Rome and Leghorn.

CHAPTER IX.

The system of vexations which the Emperor Napoleon inflicted on the Pope's government became more burdensome every day. The finest provinces of the Roman States, those that border on the Adriatic, and which are known by the name of the Marches, were taken possession of by the French military authorities without any previous communication to the Pope's government, and while negotiations were still pending at Paris between the Pope's minister and the French government. A subsequent decree annexed those provinces to the kingdom of Italy, dividing them into three departments. The decree was grounded on the old ridiculous pretence of the Pope having refused to make war upon the English, and on the interests of the new kingdoms of Italy and Naples, which required that the communication between them should be uninterrupted; and moreover it assumed that the donation of Napoleon's illustrious predecessor, Charlemagne, to the Church

had been made in order to favour the Catholic religion, and not for the advantage of its enemies, such as the English and the Turks. These were principles of justice somewhat in the fashion of those of King Lion in the fable. Meantime, the Marches were suffering under the effects of such overbearing policy. Military commissions were established, to try those who still favoured the government which but a few days before they were found to obey. Then another order came from Paris, ordering all the cardinals, prelates, and other dignitaries of the church, who were born in the kingdom of Italy, and therefore those belonging to the provinces just annexed to it, to leave Rome and the Pontiff, and repair immediately to their native country, under pain of confiscation of their property.

Rome yet remained free from French troops, although surrounded and blockaded, as it were, by them. However, in the beginning of 1808, news came that a corps of six thousand men, under General Miollis, was crossing that part of the Roman States which was still under the Pope's jurisdiction, and that they were approaching the city. The French resident at Rome communicated to the Cardinal Secretary of State this information, stating that they were merely on their march for Naples; that they would not stop in the Roman

territories, and he even forwarded at the same time the feuille-de-route with the stations marked. Suspicion, however, of their real intent made the Pope require that they should march outside of the walls of the capital; but on the 2d February, French soldiers forced the entrance of the gate of Popolo, rushed into the town, took forcible possession of the castle and of all the military posts, and in short occupied Rome militarily, and even went so far as to place several pieces of cannon turned against the Pope's palace. Then the French commander signified to the Neapolitan cardinals to leave Rome in four and twenty hours; and to those of the kingdom of Italy in three days. French soldiers went to the post-office, drove away the Papal guard, and took possession of the offices, opening and inspecting the letters and despatches. Afterwards the Papal troops were told, in a French order of the day, that they must join the Emperor's standard; that they must no longer be commanded by priests and women. Those officers who refused to submit were sent prisoners to Mantua. The French kept a close inspection over all the printing-offices, in order that nothing should be printed without their permission. French soldiers repaired to the palace of the Spanish minister, for the tragedy in Spain had now begun, penetrated to the apartment where

the embassador was confined to his bed by illness, and made him their prisoner with all his suite, as well as several Spanish prelates residing at Rome. They did the same to the consul of King Ferdinand of Sicily, having already before in vain required Pius to turn him out of Rome.

Pius was still in his palace on the Quirinal, guarded by a few Swiss soldiers who remained faithful to him. The gates were shut, and the wicket alone allowed to be opened. On the seventh of April, a detachment of French troops, headed by an officer, presented themselves at the principal gate. The Swiss sentry stated his orders not to give admittance to any armed person, but saying that if the officer alone wished to enter, he should not oppose him. The French officer appeared to agree to this; he halted his men; but as soon as the wicket was opened, and the officer had stepped in, the soldiers, at a signal from their commander, rushed in, overpowered and disarmed the Swiss guards, and intimated to the commander of the Swiss, that he was to consider himself under the orders of the Emperor. The sturdy Helvetian refused, and he was taken prisoner to the castle of St. Angelo with his men. The Papal governor of Rome was also arrested, and taken prisoner to the dungeons of Fenestrelle in the Alps of Piedmont.

In July the French soldiers paid a second visit to the Quirinal palace, entered the apartments of the Secretary of State, Cardinal Gabrielli, affixed seals to his papers, and gave him in charge to a private soldier, ordering him at the same time to prepare to leave Rome in two days.

Pius sent to the French protest after protest, but in vain; he chose another Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacca; French soldiers came to arrest him also. The Pope informed of this came himself down into the Cardinal's apartments, and taking him by the hand, requested the French officer to signify to his general that he was weary of the insults that were daily offered to him; that it was his intention the Cardinal should not be separated from him; that he would take him to his own apartments to share his captivity; that if they attempted to force him away, he would make them answerable for all the disorders that might ensue. The officer was surprised, he stood irresolute, and let the Pontiff and his Minister ascend quietly to the upper apartments.

Meanwhile the unfortunate people of Rome and of the provinces, between a military government and a civil and religious one, at variance with each other, suffered all the evils that ensue from a state of complete disorganization of social order. Of the local authorities, some

favoured the Pope, others the French, other stood wavering between them. Many persons, of a turbulent or depraved character, availed themselves of this confusion to favour their guilty purposes. They entered the civic guard which the French organized in every town to maintain order as they said; they proclaimed themselves zealous partisans of the Emperor, put on the tri-coloured cockade, and then abused their petty power in a thousand ways, especially in the small provincial towns where no French troops were, by arresting their private enemies, under pretence of their being disaffected to the new order of things, by evading the rigour of the old laws, baulking their creditors, living at discretion in convents and other religious houses, breaking into the churches, insulting the wives and daughters of their neighbours, and giving vent to their brutal passions in public and in presence of a whole congregation assembled for divine service. Reclamations against similar enormities came every day to the Pontiff; he could do nothing but transmit them to the French General.

A newspaper was set up at Rome, under the control of the French and their partisans; and in spite of the still existing laws of the country, favoured and disseminated opinions at variance

with the established political and religious principles of the State.

The Pope appeared still more exasperated by the invasion of his spiritual than of his temporal authority. He defended, with a tenacity and inflexibility which many considered excessive, what he considered his spiritual authority. He forbade the Bishops and Clergy of the provinces which had been taken from him, from giving the oath of fidelity to Napoleon without a limitation. This was the source of numerous arrests. It was placing men in a difficult dilemma, between force and the dictates of their consciences. Pius also pronounced excommunication against those of his subjects who accepted civil employment under the French, unless they obtained a dispensation from their respective Bishops. Here the unfortunate Bishops found themselves in a new embarrassment between their spiritual* head and the intrusive military authority. These elements of discord were more than sufficient to distract the population of the Roman provinces. Those who obeyed the Pope, their sovereign, were put in prison by the French; and those who obeyed the French, were excommunicated by the Pope; discord, terror, anxiety, and misery were spread everywhere.

Such was the miserable situation of Rome when Anselmo passed through it on his return from Naples. He stopped there a few weeks, and he could observe, with his own eyes, the consternation of the people, the repressed but concentrated anger of the lower classes, which in that country is expressed rather by looks than by words; the overbearing tone, the barefaced dissipation, the scornful mockery of the invaders and their adherents; the dejected looks of the numerous clergy, regular and secular; and the wretchedness of the working classes; every thing being at a stand, and Rome having been abandoned by foreigners, and now deprived by violence of most of the resident Cardinals and Prelates, and other dignitaries of the church, who were the principal support of thousands of mechanics and servants.

Anselmo went to see De Grossi. "Well, every thing goes according to your wishes?"

"Not quite," replied De Grossi. "I am mortified to think that the great nation, and the conqueror of all Europe, should use so much trickery and artifice towards the most defenceless of their enemies. It lowers the man much in my opinion, I assure you, and my judgment with regard to him is somewhat altered since last we met. But still *we want him*. He alone can effect the change."

"But will it be a prosperous change? What

will become of Rome, reduced to a provincial town?"

"Provincial town! No; Rome shall be the capital of all Italy, perhaps of the world again."

"Indeed! And what becomes then of the kingdoms of Naples and of Italy?"

"What has cost only a breath to create, a breath can alter. See, Anselmo, the world is made for daring geniuses, for minds of steel like that of this man; they effect great changes, they are like storms that clear and purify the air. Mind me! I don't like the man; but he will clear our country of the weeds—we shall cultivate the soil afterwards."

And thus De Grossi flattered himself, and with him many more were flattered by similar prospects. The effect, however, did not answer their expectations. Rome, under the French, deteriorated every year more and more; their administration was not congenial to the habits of the people, to the nature of the soil and climate. Instead of suiting the institutions to the manners of the inhabitants, the conquerors wanted to force the natives to suit themselves to the institutions they brought along with them.

Anselmo frequently walked up the Quirinal hill, and passed under the walls of the pontifical palace; silence reigned in that vast enclosure; the

gates were shut; at times they opened for a moment, and a solitary carriage was seen driving out; it was some faithful Prelate coming from paying a visit of respect, of consolation, to the afflicted and venerable head of the church, to show his fidelity in the hour of danger, when no interested motive could be ascribed to him. And many were the acts of devotion witnessed in those times.

"And can this be all imposture," said Anselmo, "as the others would persuade me? Or is it merely a phantom to which so many men of rank and property, of education, abilities, and experience, are willing to sacrifice themselves? Are they all idiots or impostors? Have I been myself the tool of delusion till now? No! something tells me too strongly that this cannot be. There may be a mixture of worldly interest in the part which the members of this devoted church have taken in the conflict, but surely there must be sincerity in the zeal with which they, defenceless individuals, withstand the will of him whom all the bayonets of Europe could not overpower. And this zeal too is not violent, outrageous, fanatical; it is cool, collected, and resigned. Can this conscientious firmness be given but by a firm conviction of the justice of the cause one supports? And surely the enemies of the Church of Rome could not have chosen a worse

time than this to justify their outrages, when the Pontiff, who is at the head of it, has general opinion in his favour—when he, by the fame of his virtues, and by his immaculate conduct during his pontificate, has won the respect of the whole christian world, and commands even now that of the very ministers of Napoleon's will."

Anselmo, while at Rome, went to see his old Confessor, a secular priest of the congregation of the Oratorio. The old man was glad to see him, he invited him to drink chocolate, and had long conversations with him. He questioned Anselmo on his worldly prospects, and could not disapprove of his intention of quitting finally his native country. "These are hard times," said he, "my son—times of trial, times of humiliation for us all. And yet, with a little charity, a little wisdom, aye, even worldly wisdom, that man, that mistaken man, who was at one time an instrument in the hands of Providence to restore order among mankind, what good might he not have done? And some good he has done; but here in our Italy, in our ill-fated city of Rome, see what mischief he is causing. See the institutions of ages, not reformed, not pruned, but wantonly sneered at, heartlessly trampled under the feet. See our venerable Pontiff, could any better, more simple, more unassuming man, a man less

liable to the reproaches which have been made to some of his predecessors—could any worthier pastor be seated in St. Peter's chair? And yet how they disregard his virtues, his grey hairs, his sincere piety; how they add insult to insult; how they indecorously persecute to death an unarmed old man; what an inglorious victory, what a shameful triumph for the powerful, the soldier, the philosopher of our days! But mark how Heaven refuses even common wisdom to the wicked! They, in these miserable transactions, here in our poor humbled Rome, have covered themselves with opprobrium and ridicule in the face of Europe. Their tricks are unworthy, not of the bold enemy, but even of the partisan—hardly worthy the deeds of the daring robbers of our own mountains."

From worldly subjects, the good Confessor gently led the discourse to spiritual ones. He questioned Anselmo as to the state of his mind upon religious subjects. "You are going, my young friend," said he, affectionately, "upon a long and doubtful journey. I am an old man, broken down with age and affliction, and shall probably see you no more; I would wish, before we part, to see your mind at ease upon these most important subjects. I have been your confidant for years past; I have witnessed the storms that

have agitated your soul; to me, the humble, unworthy minister of the altars, you have confided your most secret thoughts, your doubts, your hopes, your fears. I wish I could leave you in that happy harmony of mind, than which nothing is better calculated to enable you to encounter the vicissitudes of this strange world."

"Father," said Anselmo, while tears stood in his eyes, "I wish I could give you some satisfactory accounts of the state of my mind, but I am sorry to own, that since I saw you last, before my journey to Naples, my doubts, my perplexities . . . . . . Oh, I am truly distressed, and yet I have prayed—I have humbled myself in the dust for a ray of that faith . . . . ."

"My son," said the Confessor gravely, yet mildly, "I understand thee, I know thee well; faith is not a self-given boon; thine has been put to hard trials, and it has been sadly shaken, but I trust in the Mercy above. I have hopes, still hopes of thee. Thy lot is not a common one; thou hast seen many strange vicissitudes, and thou art called to encounter still more. Perhaps, after thy wanderings, thou shalt return cheerfully to the flock. Rely upon it, thou shalt have no peace till then. But one thing consoles me, and I tell it to thee, to encourage, and not to make thee vain. Thy nature is of the proper mould; thou

art not made to be long satisfied with the flesh-pots of Egypt; thou pantest after more satisfying food; thou mayst get attached to the creature, but thou canst not, thou wilt not forget thy Creator. To him and to us thou must come again. Nay, do not be startled at what I am going to say, but your religion, such as I have known it to be at the beginning of our acquaintance, partook too much of the senses. You were affected at the sight of our sacred ceremonies—you were charmed with the impressive music of our churches; here, surrounded by all the pomp of the metropolis of the Catholic world, you were wrapped up in ecstasy; but this state of feelings, worked up artificially, cannot last for ever. Your faith was not spiritual enough, was not sufficiently disencumbered of earthly alloy, and therefore it wavered, it fell. Absence, the sight of less solemn festivities, of less imposing temples, weakened early impressions, and the conversation of the scoffer and of the unbeliever assisted in the work. You would not renounce your creed—I esteem you for it; but allow me to tell you, that I consider it more as a laudable effect of human honour, than of real pious zeal. Your character would not submit to be dictated to in a point so important; you would not for worldly threats and worldly prospects give up your spiritual birthright, and

the want of sympathy which existed between you and your uncle, was a circumstance favourable to your constancy. You see I probe your heart to the quick; there was no hypocrisy, no deceit in what you did; you did not boast of an excessive piety, you merely said you would not change your religion, without being convinced of the truth of the one proposed to you, and of the fallacy of the one which you had followed; but this did not prevent you from having doubts, regarding, perhaps, some of the dogmas common to both, and although you would not abandon Catholicism for Protestantism, yet you had, perhaps, doubts of Christianity altogether.

"Go, then, and pray for that truth which comes from heaven; seek it, Anselmo, not in the books of human wisdom, not even in the books of our church, as long as you doubt its authority; but seek it at the fount—seek it in that book which you cannot doubt was given to us for our better guide. Seek it in the testimonies of the prophets, of the apostles, of those hosts of martyrs that have sealed its confession with their blood—those martyrs whom now the world calls fanatics; but look to the effects, see what fruits have sprung from the soil watered with their blood. Can any one deny that Christianity has rendered men better, has raised them in their

station, has made them more intellectual, more charitable, more just? Look to the state of those bright specimens of Pagan civilization, the Greeks and the Romans; read their historians, their poets; see to what state of darkness, of filthy barefaced corruption, they were reduced. Observe their cruelty, the total want of that soft godlike quality called sympathy for the sufferings of others; and this very hard-heartedness was the perfection of their philosophy. Even those schools more pure, which sprung from Socrates and Plato—see what a mass of absurdity, what loose morality, what selfish wisdom, what accommodating conscience, they inculcate. And those were the wise men, the luminaries of the age, few in number, and persecuted. And as for the millions, look at their disgraceful practices, their obscene gods, their festivals of human blood, not sacrifices required by law, or by any principle of punishment, but merely a wanton waste of lives, to excite their palsied lust and their ferociousness. Turn your eyes from the loathing sight, and contemplate our early christians. Behold the men who sacrificed all their prospects, their affections, their lives, to be true—and to whom? to Him who sacrificed his own for the glory of the Almighty! And who now call these men fanatics? Those who are ready every moment to rush to the cannon's mouth; and

for what—for a bubble, for fame, for honour; and for whom—for a mortal, for a man confessedly unjust, confessedly tyrannical; a man with great qualities, but with many also of the petty passions of human nature; a man who gets all the advantage of their self-devotedness, and who, by their means, is enabled to carry war and devastation all over Europe. And these men, these tools of ambition, are called heroes, and they call the martyrs fanatics! This parallel shows you, my son, of what weight is the wisdom of the world."

"I have no doubt," said Anselmo, "upon the wisdom, the purity of christian morality; but then, how many additions, how many interpretations, by the different churches!"

"Leave the churches alone for the present; look to the essentials, look to Religion. Do not we preach the morality of the Gospel? Can you say that you have heard in our temples, from our chairs, from our pulpits, any thing in opposition to it? But, then, we say also that you must obey the church. Must there not be a discipline in a church? Is there not a discipline among protestant churches? Have not the Greek, the Lutheran, the Anglican churches a hierarchy, their Bishops and Archbishops? Have not the Calvinists their Synods? Our discipline is more strict, more monarchical, because it descends from the

fountain head, from the head of the apostles, and as such it has been found better fit to preserve itself in its unity; yet we have our councils, which are the representatives of the whole catholic church. Believe me, Anselmo, all these disputes of discipline, which have so long divided mankind, turn chiefly upon words—the principles of human regulations are pretty much the same all over the world; but there is now one principle which is inimical to all others—a principle which does not belong to any church no more than to any state—a principle of licentiousness, which madly wishes to annihilate all gradations, all subordination at once, as if the human race could go on without subordination. And yet look at these very men, these enemies of power, do they not bend at this moment the knee before a power more galling than any other that has yet appeared in the world, at least in Europe, and which can hardly be equalled by that of the eastern Sultans?"

The Confessor here stopped. "Anselmo," said he, "I have been led into a discussion beyond the limits of our general conversations. These are times calculated to make men waver and fall, because the natural order of things seems subverted. Yet the time will come, thou shalt see it, if thou livest the natural course of life, in

which the storm will have passed away, when men will look back with astonishment over the ruins of the past, and wonder at the magical but worldly power, which now makes the world tremble. Religion has survived many storms, and shall survive this also. I do not speak this in the mundane sense of many, who expect the return of the ancient splendour of wealth and honours heaped upon the triple crown; it may be the will of God to see our hierarchy brought back to primitive simplicity, yet its spiritual attributes will not cease, for that; on the contrary, they will shine more purely, they will be more strongly established! Adieu, then, my Anselmo," thus concluded this unassuming clergyman, "adieu, trust in Providence, listen to the voice of conscience, and I do not doubt thou shalt know and confess the truth; thou wilt live among men of various creeds, and thou wilt judge for thyself. I confide in thee; Heaven bless thee, my son."

Anselmo remembered every word of this conversation, he noted it down; and when, on the point of embarking, he received from an old and excellent protestant relative a parting letter of advice and exhortation, he could not help comparing the two, and remarking to a friend how similar were the sentiments of these two upright men, notwithstanding the diversity of their creeds.

Anselmo went to visit the church of St. Peter for the last time. It was in the afternoon ; the vast temple was almost deserted. He wandered once more along those marble aisles, those sumptuous monuments ; he contemplated those altars which all the art of man has been employed to raise and adorn ; he prostrated himself before the chapel of the sacrament, and then proceeded on towards the main altar. An old man was looking wistfully at the throne of Corinthian brass which fills the choir. His eyes met those of Anselmo ; there was no one near them. "You are come," said he to the latter, "to visit the temple of God in the time of our captivity, but you must not despair, young man ; the power of man is fragile, but that which is worshipped here is eternal. See those words written there before you :—*Et portæ inferi non prevalebunt adversus eam.* And they have not prevailed for eighteen centuries ; shall they prevail now? No!" and he crossed himself, and turned round with Anselmo to go out of the church. They talked in a low voice of the rumours of the day, of the health of the Pontiff. "He is immured within the walls of the Quirinal ; he is continually in prayer ; but at the same time, he, excellent Father, recommends still, peace and resignation to all his subjects. He will hear of no disturbance, of no popular attempt in his

favour. He loves his people like a true father; he has always done all he could for their happiness."

And indeed Pius, during the eight years of his troubled pontificate, had effected many useful improvements in the country over which he ruled. His impoverished finances, his limited and precarious situation, the inveterate habits of the people, the old forms and routine of church government, his own scrupulous and gentle nature, the prejudices of some of his advisers, had prevented him doing more. However, he enacted laws to bind the great proprietors of the immense untilled lands of the Campagna to cultivate their estates, or to give up, for a moderate retribution, those which they could not cultivate; he allowed premiums for the plantations of trees; he completed the *catastro* of the Roman provinces, began by his predecessors, and fixed upon its basis the rate of a moderate land-tax, in lieu of the arbitrary contributions which were exacted before; he abolished the unjust exemptions of the upper classes, and made every one contribute in proportion to the wants of the State; he enforced a rigid economy in the expenses of his household, and of the different departments of the administration; he established manufactures of wool and cotton in the different workhouses for the poor;

he instituted an office of *ipoteche*, or register for mortgages, for the security of capitalists, and the assistance of land-owners and speculators; he ordered excavations at Rome and Ostia; he re-purchased several objects of the arts of which Rome had been plundered, and which were still to be recovered; he withdrew from circulation the base coin which had been issued during the revolutionary wars, and which, being enormously depreciated, was a source of the greatest distress to the poor classes, and replaced it by standard silver and gold, which operation cost the treasury a million and a half of dollars; he issued the bull *post diuturnas*, in which a complete plan of public economy, and of reform of the courts of justice and of the criminal laws, was laid down, a plan which, from the disturbed state of the times, was but imperfectly followed.

These were some of the public acts of the upright Pius, when in the plenitude of his power. When, after years of vexations, and when insults after insults had been heaped on him by the very man whom he had obliged at the risk of disobliging the rest of Europe, his calm firmness, his dignified remonstrations, and his pious resignation, did not produce any effect on the iron soul of the Conqueror, Pius evinced a hopeless tenacity in supporting what he considered the rights of his See;

this was in part the effect of the ungenerous treatment he had received, which made him mistrust the man who had repeatedly and bitterly disappointed him. When in consequence of Napoleon's decree of May, 1809, which took away the remaining provinces and the city of Rome from the Pontiff, the latter excommunicated the Emperor and those who assisted him in this last spoliation, even then Pius mitigated the sentence, and explained clearly that it was a mere spiritual punishment to bring the offender to repentance, and by no means intended to excite the people to revolt. He denied (and that was a great step for a Pope) that Sovereigns can be deposed by the church of Rome; and he declared that their subjects cannot be freed from their oath of fidelity by the pontifical authority; that if, in former times, some Popes had freed the subjects of Sovereigns from their oath of allegiance, this had been generally after the said Sovereigns had already been deposed by the states and the magnates of the kingdom, and therefore only a confirmation of the deposition decreed and already effected by the competent authority, in the same manner as the consecration of Sovereigns by the Popes or Bishops is only a confirmation, in the name of the Supreme Being, of the election already made on earth by men; that these were the tenets of the Roman church; that

he, Pius, was not ignorant that these tenets had been sometimes abused, or misconstrued; that this is the common lot of every institution in this world, and that, therefore, the Roman See was not averse from moderate reforms which might be required by particular times. He stated also, that if Pius VI. his predecessor, when dragged away from Rome by the French republicans, had given leave to his subjects to tender the oath of fidelity to the new government, this was meant in a sense purely temporal; besides which, that Pontiff had to deal with the Directory, a government which did not acknowledge the catholic church, and therefore was not obedient to its laws; whilst he, Pius VII., had to do with Napoleon, who had submitted himself to the authority of the Roman church by the act of his coronation, and who had ever since assumed the character of the eldest son of the church, and therefore was amenable to its laws.

Such were the sentiments of Pius VII., sentiments which deserve to be recorded as the most explicit and liberal ever proclaimed by the Roman church. Upon these the Pope took his stand, and from these no human force, no threats, no privation, no length of captivity could make him swerve. Whatever be the opinions of men, when they are so sincerely, so conscientiously, so scru-

pulously, and so disinterestedly supported, they deserve respect.

Anselmo finally left Rome, and proceeded to Leghorn. He found there some young relatives, who received him with all the warmth of kindness. They were Protestants, but did not like Anselmo the less for his having chosen to keep the faith in which he had been brought up. They procured Anselmo some temporary employment for the moment, so as to place him above dependence. Meantime they knew of his views of leaving Italy altogether, and they did not discountenance them. Anselmo's bias was fixed; he disliked the prevailing system, and he could not bear the idea of being, some day or other, forced by the conscription to become one among the myriads of miserable instruments for protracting injustice and oppression. The first news he heard on arriving at Leghorn was that the next day was fixed for drawing the names of the conscripts of the department (Tuscany being then united to France), who were to march immediately to the army. One of Anselmo's cousins was among the conscripts. His father came to see Anselmo, in all the distress of paternal anxiety. "I have brought up my son in an honourable profession till the age of eighteen," said he; "he was now in a fair way to do well in the world, and they

are going to snatch him from me, to take him, with a musket on his shoulders, to distant countries, to fight for interests to which we are strangers—to ruin his constitution, if not to take away his life, and perhaps to corrupt his mind and to brutalize his manners. And this is the system that is to regenerate Europe, the boast of civilization!"

However, Anselmo's cousin was spared for the moment. He drew one of the favourable numbers, and was left in the reserve. But in the following wars, when the demand for recruits became every day more pressing, he was called out, and it was with difficulty, and by a very heavy sacrifice, that a substitute was found, and even after that he was continually in alarm; for if the substitute had deserted, he would have been immediately obliged to march.

The two days that the drawing lasted at the Mairie were days of general sorrow for the Leghornese. Many young men, whose parents had exhausted their little resources to procure them a liberal education, that they might follow some of the respectable professions, were obliged to march, not having the means of procuring substitutes, and few of them ever returned. "And this because a Corsican, who is become Emperor of France, chooses to annex our inoffensive Tuscany to his

overgrown empire, and to alter thus all our habits and change the whole course of our pursuits; to destroy our commerce by his outrageous decrees, and oblige us to give him our children to support him in these enormities!" Thus exclaimed the unfortunate Tuscans, and curses, not loud but deep, were heard in the streets and in the dwellings of Leghorn. The Tuscans were then novices in the system of Napoleon. In after times, when the recurrence of the same scenes made them accustomed to the sight of sorrow and misery, the drawing of the fatal lottery lost some of its terrors, and parents became more apathetic at the loss of their sons. Thus the most essential sentiments of nature became weakened, and demoralization proceeded with rapid strides. Yet there are those who talk of Napoleon having favoured morality. This may be true in some respects with regard to France, but certainly not in Italy.

In those lamentable times the traveller who proceeded from one state of Italy to the other, might be compared to the father of Italian literature journeying on from circle to circle of the abodes of grief, meeting with, at every step,

Nuovi tormenti, e nuovi tormentati.

In Naples, Anselmo had witnessed military government, in Rome confusion and civil conflicts,

in Tuscany, at last, he beheld Napoleon's government established in its full plenitude, undisturbed and complete. Every thing went on orderly and regularly—despotism had assumed a certain form of studied civility—the lion was venerated, obeyed in silence and tremor, and he allowed you to live and walk in sight of gendarmes, and talk of every thing except government and its agents; to follow your occupations or your amusements within the innumerable rules and regulations the police prescribed; in short, to do any thing that he did not choose to forbid. If this be perfection in government, then the Chinese government is the most perfect on earth. No glaring abuses in the administration—a strict regularity in the different departments—punctuality in the payments, but a multitude of formalities before one could obtain his right—blind obedience to the will of the Emperor, and submission to his representatives—agriculture and manufactures encouraged, but maritime commerce annihilated—the streets cleared of beggars, but numerous families reduced to distress—roads and public buildings constructed, and private ones and religious houses falling into decay—laws enforced, but decrees from Paris above all law;—this was the march of the system.

Meantime, even the beautiful language of Italy felt the influence of the conqueror, and was neg-

lected for the sake of the French. Napoleon, by a decree, was pleased to *allow* that the Italian language might be used as well as the French in the pleadings before the courts of Tuscany, as well as in other legal transactions! Another decree assigned an annual prize of five hundred Napoleons for the best work written in Italian.

In the spring of the year 1809, Anselmo's aunt, De Bree's sister, came to Italy. She was a woman of abilities, of an excellent heart, and possessed of an independence. She had heard the whole account of her nephew's wandering, and she felt a sympathy for him. She saw Anselmo, was pleased with him, loved him as if he had been her own son, and promised him her assistance. Anselmo expressed strongly his wish to leave Italy. The French had now full possession of all Italy; the formal incorporation of Rome was expected; it was therefore time to resolve speedily to leave the Continent before it were too late. After several consultations, it was agreed that Anselmo should endeavour to sail in some vessel for a neutral country, whence he might proceed to any of the islands of the Mediterranean out of the dominion of the French. The only neutral territories were those belonging to the Sultan, and to the Levant; therefore, Anselmo directed his thoughts thither. Once there, he would be supplied with introduc-

tions and means for his future career, either in the commercial or any other line that would offer itself.

Anselmo's prospects in leaving his native country were now very different from what they had been at his first embarkation for Sardinia. He had now found again relations who were attached to him; who had the power and the will to assist him in whatever part of the world he might proceed. They facilitated the means of obtaining his passports, and every thing was ready for his departure by the first vessel which should sail for the Levant, a rare occurrence at Leghorn in those times.

The kindness of these relations, and especially of a female relation, made a beneficial impression on Anselmo's heart. Anselmo's feelings with respect to disparity of creeds took a calmer turn. "Much evil has been done," he thought, "on account of these unfortunate divisions among Christians; and yet it is perhaps unavoidable that there should be divisions, but surely they might exist without rancour. And without rancour they exist in many and many; how much kindness have I not experienced from Catholics, and how much kindness do I not now experience from Protestants. Perhaps most of these differences arise from misunderstanding each other, from words more than

from sense. Is it likely that one communion, one division of Christianity, should be the sole depositary of the real meaning of the sacred books? But the universal, the individual meaning of these books applies to all—the precepts are the same for Catholic and Protestant, for orthodox and schismatic. But the discipline? Let every church have its discipline, that may be adapted to particular countries, but let the morality be one." Thus Anselmo thought, and wondered, and thought again, but his perplexities were now of a milder nature, and he felt more tranquil and happier.

Anselmo, previous to his sailing, went to pass a few days with his relatives, at their country house. In the quiet retreat of Montenero, he spent some of the happiest hours he had yet passed. There he forgot for awhile his own vicissitudes, and those of his country; there, every thing appeared calm while Europe was in flames—for at that time the war raged by sea and by land, in Spain, in Austria, in the north of Italy, and in the Tyrol. From the hill of Montenero, Anselmo contemplated the busy town of Leghorn, the blue sea, the distant Apennines of Lucca and of Liguria, the dusky islands of Elba and Corsica, and the plain of Pisa. "Soon shall I leave all this," he thought, "to go where? beyond the sea, to strange

barbarous lands. Why could I not remain in this solitude, and enjoy a quiet existence as so many others do, and let the world fight its battles as it will?" Because young men are not made for leisure, because they must earn by their own exertions, the right of enjoying it in after life, and this ought to apply to all; hereditary fortune does not remove the obligation.

The last accounts Anselmo heard of the political events of the Continent were more than ever distressing. The bulletins came in dire succession from east and west, and brought accounts of torrents of blood spilt in vain, of countries devastated, of multitudes of victims sacrificed. The new war entered into by Austria did not succeed better than the preceding. The fortune of Napoleon, checked for a while on the Danube, recovered its ascendancy in the fields of Wagram. The brave but unfortunate Tyrolese were left to their fate. Some districts of the north of Italy, which, on the approach of the Archduke John of Austria, had shown symptoms of dissatisfaction at the yoke of France, were treated with all the rigour of military retaliation. The military commissions were again at work. Meantime, the south of Italy was far from quiet. Insurrections still showed themselves in the Abruzzi, and in Calabria.

After the wars of the Tyrol, Calabria, and Spain,

whatever prestiges, whatever enthusiasm, whatever sympathy there might have been till then, in many a well organized and sensible mind, towards Napoleon, was at an end. All aspirations or pretensions after equity, liberty, and the happiness of mankind, seemed to have completely ceased in him. He was now considered in the light of a stern conqueror, ambitious and unpitying, who evidently aspired to universal monarchy, and who talked of his dynasty of being shortly the oldest in Europe. Even his partisans saw him with fear and mistrust; affection was completely worn out; all parties feared him, obeyed him, but disliked him—jacobins, constitutionalists, and royalists. The General of the army of Italy, the First Consul, were forgotten; it appeared as if he were no longer the same person. People on the Continent gave up all hopes of a better futurity—they accused or doubted of Providence; others fell in and went along with the stream, thinking it was destiny. Such was particularly the state of Italian minds, after the news of the battle of Wagram. The terrible warning of Dante, *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate*, might have been written at the entrance of the Peninsula. All was passiveness, forced resignation, gloom. The only persons who still maintained an appearance of gaiety, were those who were in the employment of the govern-

ment, and they formed a very numerous class. Yet even among them, all the inspirations of their better judgment could not be stifled. Several of them spoke freely about the impolicy of the Spanish war. "Our emperor," said one of them, a Frenchman rather high in office, "our emperor despises too much public opinion, and opinion will cause his ruin." "When the breaking up comes," said another, "we shall not find refuge even in France." The army alone stood more confident than ever. Elated with their astonishing victories, they set no limits to the prospects of their future conquests.

From conquered Vienna, Napoleon ordered the annexation of Rome and its territory, not to the kingdom of Italy, but to France. Shortly after the news came of the Pope's palace having been entered by escalade, in the night of the 5th July, by a troop composed of French soldiers, and of Roman sbirri, and others of the dregs of the people, the Pontiff being carried off and sent to Savona. This was the last news Anselmo heard of his native country before he left Leghorn. Shortly after, having taken leave of his newly found relations, he embarked on board a vessel for the Turkish coast. A few days after, it would have been too late. An order came, not to give passports to any Roman native to quit the French

territory: Anselmo was then already far off at sea.

Yet before Anselmo left his beautiful Italy he felt many a pang of bitter regret. Italy is a country, the impressions and recollections of which entwine themselves around the heart too firmly to be broken asunder at will. It possesses, above all, the mystic charm of physical and intellectual beauty mixed together. It is a country which, as long as its purple mountains shall continue to tower above it—as long as its plains shall continue to smile in the rays of the genial sun—as long as its blue seas shall continue to wash its picturesque coasts—so long will it delight the eye and warm the heart of the beholder. Long after the pompous ruins of its ancient glory shall be erased from the surface of the earth; long after the not less stupendous monuments of a wonder-working religion will have given way to the unsparing hand of time, or to the neglect of a colder race of men; long after its castles and its obelisks, its palaces, and its temples, nay, Peter's holy fane itself shall be strewed in the dust; long after all traces of its former splendour shall be obliterated (if such is to be its fate), Italy's natural beauties will remain while this globe shall continue to roll in the orbit assigned to it by an all-powerful hand; it will still appear as it appeared of yore

to the first Greek and Trojan navigators—the most lovely land under the sun.

The friends of Anselmo heard of his safe arrival on the Turkish shore; they waited anxiously for accounts of his further progress; year after year passed, and no news came. The total interruption of communication by sea, the disturbed state of the world, perhaps Anselmo's death, were the reasons ascribed for this long silence. Meantime portentous and dismal events came to engross the attention of every one on the Continent; the war in Spain, and the campaign of Russia, drowned all memory of former occurrences, and, by degrees, Anselmo was forgotten in his native country, as if he had never existed.

THE END.

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